

HOME YEARNINGS.

[This natural and touching effusion appears in a volume, entitled *Scottish Songs, Ballads, and Poems*, by Hew Ainslie: Redfield, New York. 1855. It represents the feelings of an elderly settler in America, regarding his native country and the recollections of earlier and happier days. This settler is the poet himself, a man whose name will be kept alive in Scotland. Upwards of thirty years ago, a short while before emigrating to the West, he published a volume, entitled a *Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns*, full of fine description and warm poetic feeling, and containing many beautiful imitations of the old Scottish ballads. A native of the same county with Burns, his language occasionally reminds us of that of the illustrious Ploughman; but in all essential respects his compositions are original and racy in a high degree. The following verses are addressed to an old friend. —]

Chambers's Journal.

I've green'd \* to see ance mair, John,  
Our brave auld countrie;  
The stately towers, the bin'wood bowers,  
I haunt in memorie.  
I haunt in memorie, John,  
As ghaists, auld minstrels say,  
Will wander round the hallowed ground,  
That kent their earthly day.

Lang thirty years are gane, John,  
Since in your wastlin sea,  
Auld Scotia's hills sank down, John,  
Nae mair to rise on me;  
Nae mair to rise me, John,  
Though sadder sets I've seen,  
The set o' beaming eyes, John,  
That gilt this earthly scene.

But blessed be that power, John,  
That ga'e us power to raise  
The dear departed dead, John,  
The joys o' ither days.  
Ay, thoughts o' sunny hours, John,  
In days o' darkest hue,  
Can make a rift in dimmest lift,  
An' let a star look through.

Thus in my midnight ponderings,  
In sleep or waking dream,  
I range the glen by Hawthornden,  
Or sport by Girvan's stream;  
Dear "Girvan's fairy haunted stream,"  
Bargany's banks sae braw;  
The auld ash-tree, that cosilie  
Leant owre my daddy's ha'.

The bleaching haugh, wi' fencing saugh, †  
The garden tosh and trig, †  
Wi' divot edge, an' clippit hedge, †  
Where linties love to bigg; †  
Where linties love to bigg, John,  
An' merry sangster's meet;  
Syne yoking tilt, wi' mony a lilt, †  
Made April mornings sweet.

Sic scenes are hoarded up, John,  
In memory's sacred ben;  
This thrifless heart wi' a' may part,  
But them I maunna spen'.  
O, them I daurna spen', John,  
Or what were left to me  
But frostit crops o' early hopes,  
That sicken ane to see?

Dear sainted Eleanora!  
Sweet sister o' my heart,  
It was thy gentle whisperings  
First made this spirit start,  
First made me wondering see, John,  
The lovely things that lie  
Around us, on the earth, John,  
Above us, in the sky.

Ay, bravely broke my dawning,  
A mild an' pleasant glow  
Now wintry winds are blowing,  
My day is wearing low.  
But hush! I've said an' sung, John,  
An' sing it yet again,  
Howe'er the heart is wrung, John,  
The word is—Ne'er complain.

\* Longed. † Green willow. ‡ Trim—neat.  
§ Turf. || Linnets—build. ¶ Song.

THE DEAD CZAR.

LAY him beneath his snows,  
The great Norse-giant, who in these last days  
Troubled the nations. Gather decently  
His emperor's robes about him. 'Tis but man—  
This demi-god. Or rather it was man.  
It is—a little dust; that will corrupt  
As fast as any nameless dust that lies  
'Neath Alma's grass or Balaklava's vines.

No vineyard grave for him! No quiet bones  
By river-margin laid, where o'er far seas  
Do children's prayers and women's memories  
come,  
Like angels, and sit by the sepulchre,  
Saying: "All these were men who knew to  
count,  
Front-faced, the cost of Honor, nor did shrink  
From its full payment; knowing how to die  
They died—as men."

But this man?—Ah! for him  
Pale solemn state, church chantings, funerals  
grand,  
The stony-wombed sarcophagus, and then  
Oblivion.

No—oblivion were renown  
To that fierce howl which rolls from land to land  
Exulting: "Art thou fallen, Lucifer,  
Son of the Morning?" Or condemning: "Thus  
Perish the wicked." Or blaspheming: "Hero  
Lies our Belshazzar, our Sennacherib,  
Our Pharaoh—he whose heart God hardened,  
So that he would not let the people go."

Self-glorifying sinners! Why, this man  
Was but as other men; you, Levite small,  
Who shut your sainted ears and prate of hell,  
When, outside church-doors, congregations poor  
Praise Heaven in their own way; you, Autocrat  
Of all the hamlet, who add field to field,  
And house to house, whose slavish children cower  
Before your tyrant footstep; or you, fierce  
Fanatic, and ambitious egotist,  
Who think God stoops from His great universe  
To lay His finger on your puny head,  
And crown it, that you henceforth loud parade  
Your maggots through all the wondering  
world,

"I am the Lord's anointed!"

Fools and blind!

This Czar—this Emperor—this dethroned corpse  
Lying so straightly in an icy calm  
Grander than sovereignty, was but as ye;  
No better, and no worse—Heaven mend us all!

Carry him forth and bury him—Death's peace  
Be on his memory! Mercy by his bier  
Sits silent; or says only in meek words:  
"Let him who is without sin 'mongst you all,  
Cast the first stone."

*Chambers's Journal.*

#### LORD RAGLAN AND THE WEATHER.

Lord Raglan might in September have taken  
Sebastopol duly and truly;  
But the weather (he raves about weather!) was  
warm,  
And he wished to take it—coolly!

So he made what was, indeed, to our foes,  
A diversion; quoth he, "I'll con it  
Awhile, and in the meantime keep  
My weather-eye upon it."

October, November, December came on,  
As if commissioned his army to kill off:  
"The weather is now too cold," quoth he,  
"I'll take it—with the chill off!"

For three months more despatches he wrote  
In meteorological form,  
"Till the storms had passed; "Tis too late now,"  
Quoth he, "to take it—by storm!"

Thus, whether the weather be foul or fair,  
Sebastopol escapes the blow—  
Then down with the weatherglass!—give us a  
man  
Who will take it—whether or no!  
Sheffield. DAVID WALKINSHAW.

*Times.*

*Scenes of Wandering Life.* (Scenes de la Vie Nomade.) Par Madame La Princesse Belgioioso. Paris: 1855.

The domestic life of any nation, we need hardly say, is the more important portion of it; and the domestic life of the East it is only given to the female traveller to penetrate. Men in Turkey can see but the surface; and as even European women can enter the Eastern harem only by invitation, and when everything is prepared for their reception, the truth has perhaps seldom

been fully revealed to them. What Lady Mary Wortley Mantagu told satisfied curiosity for a century; and we have since had lady-travellers in our own day, who have described the same scenes in highly attractive colors. But now comes the Princess of Belgioioso, with descriptions neither enchanting nor attractive; though she seems to have visited, certainly, not the refined and chosen harems of Constantinople, but the more ragged ones of the provinces.

The Princess, after a residence in Paris during the latter years of the Orleans reign, went to Italy, as is well known, at the time of the Lombard insurrection, in which, despite her sex, she eagerly joined. If we mistake not, she raised a regiment of cavalry. When all was over, she certainly wrote an account of the insurrection and the campaign, of the failure of which she threw the blame chiefly upon the nobles of her own class and city. She had been one of the Trivulzi of Milan.

Exiled of course from Italy, and not caring to reside in any other part of lost and degraded Europe, the Princess then betook herself to the East, and purchased for a few thousand piastres a valley in the centre of Asia Minor, near Angora. From this retreat our Italian Lady Hester Stanhope made an excursion to Syria and Palestine last year, and her description of it has appeared in consecutive numbers of the "Revue des Deux Mondes." It is now before us.

Nothing can equal the admiration of the Princess for the domestic life and virtues of the humble and rustic Turk, who lives in his cabin, cultivates his ground, cherishes his one wife, and is followed to the fields by his progeny, who know not what it is to be immured in the walls of any harem. But by the side of her picture of this class, endued with every fidelity and virtue, the Princess places a description of the life of the class above it, in which she finds little save vice, falsehood, laziness, and dirt. Her descriptions of the harem and its inmates, in a particular grade of Turks, are certainly of the most unpromising description; and what she says of the family relations arising out of polygamy, and especially the treatment of sons and daughters, is painted in the same tints, and pointed with the same moral. Eugene Sue has not a greater horror of the French gentleman, nor a greater admiration of the French peasant, than has the Princess Belgioioso of the respective classes of Turks. Whether political views that savor of socialism may not have influenced the lady's judgment, we must leave to those to determine who are more learned than ourselves in Oriental manners.—*Examiner.*

*Romanism in Ceylon, India, and China.* By the Rev. Edward J. Robinson.

A clever compilation about the persecutions, pious frauds, and other misdoings of the Romanists in the East, written in a strong Protestant spirit. The reader who desires to see the worst features of Romanism will find them presented here, and with much greater unction than the self-denying spirit that animated some of the Papal missionaries, or the curious information they collected for the world at large.—*Spectator*

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Lettres sur l'Éducation des Filles*. Par Madame de Maintenon. Publiées pour la première fois par Th. Lavallée. Paris, 1854.
2. *Entretiens sur l'Éducation des Filles*. Par Madame de Maintenon. Publiées pour la première fois par Th. Lavallée. Paris, 1855.
3. *Histoire de la Maison Royale de Saint Cyr*. Par Th. Lavallée. Paris, 1853.
4. *Histoire de Madame de Maintenon et des principaux événements du règne de Louis XIV.* Par M. le Duc de Noailles. Deuxième édition. 2 vols., Paris, 1849.

"THE position of Madame de Maintenon," observes Madame de Sévigné, "is perfectly unique. Nothing ever was, nor probably ever will be comparable to it." History in hand, we must acknowledge that there is but little exaggeration in the phrase. Born in a prison and dying within the shadow of the Crown, there is hardly an extreme of elevation or distress that may not be marked in the long career of one whom Fortune favored so late that the tardy lustre left in obscurity the charms, the graces, the fame of her early years. Appointed to tend poultry in her childhood, and scarcely less than queen in her maturity; the bride in little more than girlhood of a needy and deformed poet, and, when the bloom of womanhood was past, the consort of the man who had said "*I am the State!*," now bound her to the chair of the crippled SCARRON, and now to the throne of Louis XIV.—in a destiny thus strangely diversified we may be allowed to recognize something akin to the marvellous.

The various accusations brought against Madame de Maintenon, and which have rendered her name almost a by-word with posterity, may be comprised under two heads—intolerance and hypocrisy. It is affirmed that without being better than her neighbors, she sought to replace purity by prudery; that her whole life had but one object—to "arrive at Louis XIV.;" and that, in the long career of falsehood into which she was betrayed by her ambition, no scruples withheld her from taking any steps which might give her a more complete mastery over the King. She is represented as a wary and untiring intriguer, never oblivious for a single moment of *her part*, and consequently false to every one around her, even to the sovereign who was the end and aim of her machinations. It is alleged that all the religious persecutions which were perpetrated under Louis XIV. are to be ascribed to her intolerant zeal; and the most accredited form which fiction has assigned to these two personages is that of a monarch in his dotage taken to task by a pedantic old

woman, and led by fear of the devil to ratify the narrow-minded schemes of his female Mentor. Recent researches have dispelled these illusions. The candor of the upright Sismondi, the elaborate life by the Duc de Noailles, still we regret to say unfinished, and the investigations of M. Lavallée, have all tended to the same conclusion; and every one who avails himself of their labors will form at least as favorable a judgment as that of Madame du Deffand, who, after going through the Correspondence of Madame de Maintenon, said, "I rise up from it with a high opinion of her mind, with little esteem for her heart, and no taste for her person; but I persist in believing that she was not false." M. Lavallée, in particular, has undertaken a task which M. Guizot has pronounced "the most important that remained to be executed for the age of Louis XIV." Having ferreted out a large mass of Madame de Maintenon's letters and conversations (the latter reported by the governesses of St. Cyr,) he is about to publish a complete edition of her works in ten little volumes, two of which have already appeared. A large part of his matter is printed for the first time, and the portion which had previously been given to the world by Labeaumelle was so mutilated, re-composed, and rearranged by that dishonest editor, that hitherto it has been more calculated to deceive than to inform.

When the famous Agrippa d'Aubigné at the end of his *Mémoires* speaks of his son Constant d'Aubigné (the father of Madame de Maintenon,) he premises that he would rather have remained silent, the information that he has to communicate being "*un fâcheux détail de ma famille.*" "The rascal," says the doughty comrade of Henri IV., "did nothing but gamble and get drunk at the University of Sedan, where I sent him to pursue his academical studies, and when he returned to France he thought fit without my consent, to marry an unfortunate woman, *whom he afterwards killed!*" She was not the mother of any of his children. After many strange adventures and alternations of bad and good fortune, such as were not uncommon to the troubled times in which he lived, he won the affections of a lady of noble birth, to whom he was married on the 27th December, 1627. At the end of four or five years, having spent the last farthing of his patrimony, M. d'Aubigné embraced some project for establishing himself in Carolina. In furtherance of the scheme, he entered into negotiations with the English Government, which were detected and deemed treasonable. He was imprisoned in consequence in the fortress of Château Trompette, under the gaoler'ship of his own father-in-law, M. de Cardillac, at whose death he was transferred to Niort in Poitou. In the *Conciergerie* of this prison

Madame d'Aubigné gave birth, on the 27th November, 1635, to her daughter Françoise, the future spouse of Louis XIV. A sister of Constant d'Aubigné's Madame de Villette, took pity upon his children, and carried them to a château where she resided not far distant from Niort. In 1638 Madame d'Aubigné obtained her husband's release, and shortly after he embarked with the whole of his family for Martinique. Fortune this time allowed herself to be caught. The talents which sufficed to gain money failed, however, to induce the prudence which retains it. The chances of play swept away his newly acquired wealth in far less time than it had cost him to accumulate it, and he died discharging the duties of a small military employment, of which the scanty pay barely sufficed to keep his family from want. At his death his widow returned to France with her children, and this arrival of our little heroine from the colonies before she had completed her tenth year led to the subsequent belief that she was a native of the tropics. Hence the name of "*Ea belle Indienne*," so generally applied to her upon her first entrance into society at Paris. As to Madame d'Aubigné, her whole time, until the day of her death, seems to have been divided between the manual labor by which she gained a scanty subsistence, and the fruitless endeavors to obtain from relations richer than herself certain moneys and lands which Agrippa d'Aubigné, while disinheriting his worthless son, had yet bequeathed to his heirs. She was so severe a mother that Madame de Maintenon used to relate that she had never been embraced by her but twice, and this after a long separation. But she chanced to render her daughter one enormous service. She set her to read the "*Lives of Plutarch*,"—a work which has nourished the early growth of so many great minds—and forbade her and her brother to speak of anything else. With the ready ingenuity of children they converted the task into an eager rivalry of sex. She espoused the cause of the women, he of the men. When she had vaunted the qualities of a heroine, he opposed the acts of a hero, and she returned to her Plutarch to find new matter to sustain the supremacy of her sex. A thousand formal lessons, in which the mind had a feeble interest, would have done little for her education in comparison with this earnest application of her powers.

When she got back to France she was once more entrusted to the care of her aunt. "I fear the poor little wretch (writes her mother) may be of no small inconvenience to you; God grant her the means of one day requiting all the kindness you show her!" How well the aunt discharged her office is sufficiently attested by the gratitude felt by the child for her benefactress. "I am ready to believe any-

thing," she said in childhood during a course of religious instruction, "so long as I am not required to believe my aunt de Villette will be damned!" The answer was given after she had been transferred, by an order from the court, from the care of Madame de Villette, who was a Calvinist, to that of Madame de Neuillant, another near relation, and a zealous Catholic. This lady, finding an unexpected resistance to her doctrines in spite of the professed readiness of her pupil to believe in anything, resolved upon trying the efficacy of humiliation. She ordered her ward to be banished from the drawing-room and confined to the society of the servants. Dressed in a coarse straw hat, with a basket on her arm and a long stick in her hand, the future wife of the king of France was sent out every morning to keep watch over turkeys, and her "reign," as she used to say in after years, "began by dominion over the poultry-yard." Madame de Neuillant was even more avaricious than bigoted, and the Marquis de la Fare asserts that the young Françoise was set to discharge these menial offices from motives of economy. He had heard that she was compelled, in the absence of the coachman, to groom the horses. The only thing which this harsh guardian appears to have cherished was the poor girl's complexion, since she was made to wear a mask, that she might escape being tanned.

This system of compulsion producing no effect, it was decided to place her in the Convent of Ursulines at Niort; but the sordid avarice of Madame de Neuillant soon left her to be supported by the sisters, who returned her to her mother. She was shortly after admitted into the Ursuline Convent of the Rue Saint Jacques in Paris, where at first the nuns succeeded no better than their precursors in the task of converting her. "My mother's harsh conduct to me at this time," she says in one of her *entretiens*, or rather lectures, to the Demoiselles de Saint Cyr, "had so irritated me, that probably, if I had remained longer with her, I should never have embraced the Catholic faith." Methods as mistaken were adopted by the sisters of the Ursuline Convent.

"Whenever they met me, they each of them played a sort of part; one would run away, another make faces, and a third try to allure me into attending mass by promising to give me something. I was already old enough to be shocked at their ridiculous behavior, and they became insupportable to me. Neither their pretended fright nor their promises made any impression upon me. Luckily, however, I fell into the hands of a teacher full of sense and judgment, and who won me by her goodness and gracious manners. She forbore ever to reproach me, left me at full liberty to follow the precepts of my creed, never asked me to hear mass or assist at the general prayers in the oratory, and



of her own accord proposed that I should keep no fasts. At the same time she had me instructed in the Catholic religion, but with such a total absence of indiscreet zeal, that, when I pronounced my abjuration, I did so of my own entire free will."

Previous to this some priests were called in, who exhausted upon her their arguments; but she had not forgotten her Plutarch discipline; and with her Bible, she says, in her hand, she wore them out. This and other circumstances show that her will and intelligence were both precocious. At her first convent, when not more than eleven years of age, she was so advanced in reading, writing, ciphering, and spelling, that she taught her fellow-pupils in the absence of the governess. The passion of pleasing others for the sake of praise, which was the ruling motive of her life, was already developed. To gratify this lady she sat up whole nights to starch the fine linen of the girls, in order that their appearance might do credit to their mistress. There was no toil that she would not undergo for her; and when she was returned home, she prayed every day, for two or three months, that she might die, because life seemed worthless without her governess. A degree of sentiment and affection unusual with her entered into this juvenile attachment; but we shall presently see, by her own confession, that her principal aim was to barter services for applause.

At the age of fourteen or fifteen, Mlle. d'Aubigné left her second convent, and went to reside with her mother, whose apartment was immediately opposite to the house in which Scarron had for years received nearly all the society of Paris. At this precise period the far-famed cripple was busy with a plan for emigrating to Martinique, in consequence of one of his acquaintances alleging that the climate had cured him of the gout. Some extraordinary vision of renewed health fastened upon the *malade de la Reine*; \* and he planned an expedition to the tropics, with Ségrais and a certain Mlle. de Palaiseau, of whom the chronicles of the time speak lightly.

"My dog of a destiny," he writes to his friend Sarrazin, "takes me off in a month to the West Indies. I have invested a thousand crowns in a new company that is about to found a colony at three degrees from the line, on the banks of the Orinoco and the Orellana. Adieu, then, France! Adieu, Paris! Adieu, O ye tigresses disguised as angels! Adieu Ménage, Sarrazin, Marigny!"

\* Scarron's great patroness, Mlle. d'Hautefort, had spoken of him to Anne of Austria, and, having been carried to the Louvre (1643), he besought the Queen to let him bear the title of 'the Queen's invalid.' On her smiling at the notion, he exclaimed that her smile was an encouragement to him to solicit a lodging in the Louvre. He was often designated as *le malade de la Reine*.

† All three were literary characters of the day.

I renounce barlesque verses, and comic romance and comedies, to fly to a land where there are no false saints, nor swindlers in devotion, nor inquisition, nor winters that assassinate, defluxions that disable me, nor war that makes me die of starvation."

Notwithstanding this strong desire to escape the ills he found in his own country, Scarron did not emigrate after all; and the most notable result of his scheme was, that it lost him his thousand crowns, and brought him into contact with the person who was to bear his name and brighten the final years of his existence. The wish to know something more of a climate from which he anticipated new life, produced an acquaintance between Scarron and Mme. d'Aubigné; and Mme. de Neuillant, who sometimes frequented the poet's salons, presented there one evening *la belle Indienne*. On reaching the threshold of the apartment of which she was shortly to become the mistress, she drew back ashamed, and with one glance at the splendid assembly, and another at her shabby dress, too scanty and too short, she burst into tears. It would almost seem as if Mme. de Neuillant had designed to continue, under new forms, the discipline of the poultry-yard.

This occurrence is mentioned by several contemporary writers; and Scarron himself refers to it in a letter to his future wife:—"Mademoiselle, I never doubted that the young girl who six months ago entered my rooms with too short a frock, and began to cry, I really know not why, was as clever as she looked," etc. The tears may have had some effect in exciting sympathy and conciliating goodwill; but it was to her beauty, her manners, and her intelligence that she owed the continuance of the favor with which she was regarded.

A month or two after her acquaintance with her witty and famous neighbor, Mme. d'Aubigné, having secured the little that her husband's family would consent to award her (two hundred livres yearly), returned to Poitou, where she died. Mme. de Villette was no more; the only surviving son of Constant d'Aubigné was page of the household; and our young Françoise was dependant solely upon Mme. de Neuillant, "who," observes Tallemant des Réaux, "notwithstanding she was her relative, left her without clothing, from avarice." The short and scanty dress was disappearing altogether.

The orphan had formed an attachment to a girl at Paris of her own age, and writing to her from Niort, in 1650,—"I cannot," she says, "express to you upon paper *all* I feel; I have neither courage nor wit sufficient. I promise you half, and the remainder when I shall be as clever as M. Scarron." This was shown to the poet, and so spontaneous a tribute was not lost

upon him. He immediately took up his pen and addressed his admirer in the words we have quoted above. When Mme. de Neuillant revisited Paris she brought her fair charge with her. The twelve months which had elapsed had contributed to develop her understanding and beauty; and her second appearance in the *beau monde* of Scarron's *soirées* produced a still livelier impression than the first. 'I wish you would give me some news of that young Indian, to whom you introduced me, and whom I loved from the moment I saw her,' writes the Duchesse de Lesdiguières to the Chevalier de Méré; and a similar sentiment appears to have been general in the circle. Scarron felt so much for her misery in being subject to the penurious tyranny of Mme. de Neuillant, that, constantly as he was in need of money, he offered her a sum sufficient to procure her admission into a convent. She declined the proposal; and by degrees the idea of a retreat that was to separate her from every one became transformed into the notion of a union that was to bind her exclusively to himself. This project of a marriage between a buffoon-rhymer of forty-two and a girl of sixteen was termed by himself 'a mighty poetic license.' But anything seemed better than to live on with Mme. de Neuillant; and as to the other alternative, she frankly avowed to her acquaintances, according to Tallemant des Réaux, 'I preferred marriage with Scarron to a convent.' The homage she saw him receiving, and the intoxicating elevation to a girl who was trampled on at home, of presiding over the brilliant society which assembled at his house, had a large share in determining her choice. In advanced life, when she was exhorting the pupils at Saint-Cyr to hold themselves upright, she told them that she married at an age when it is delightful to be your own mistress; that she thought she played the fine lady by reclining in an easy chair; and that she did a thousand other things of which she continued to feel the ill effects. But it hardly needed this confession to prove how great must have been the influence of such motives.

Accordingly, in the month of June, 1652, she became Mme. Scarron. Such was her poverty that her wedding-dress was lent for the occasion by Mlle. de Pons. The account which her husband gave of his property was far enough from promising. To the question of the notary, "What jointure he insured her?" The poet replied, "Immortality! the names of kings' wives die with themselves, but the name of Scarron's wife will endure eternally!" No suspicion crossed his mind that the process would be reversed, and that it was to his having been the husband of a "king's wife" that he would principally owe the recollection of his name by posterity.

The once famous though licentious author of the "Roman Comique" was not always the wretched Caliban whose image has descended to us as the type of grotesque deformity. Up to the age of twenty-seven he was a handsome man, and distinguished for his skill in music and dancing. He was descended from a good parliamentary family. His father was *Conseiller à la Grande Chambre*, his uncle Bishop of Grenoble, and one of his cousins was married to no less a personage than the *Maréchal d'Aumont*. His patrimony would have been respectable if his father, under the influence of an intriguing woman, had not left his property to the offspring of a second marriage. Different versions have been given of the cause of his deformity. Tallemant des Réaux states that it was a medicine administered by a quack which deprived him of the use of his limbs. According to another account of more doubtful authority, the affliction was due to a freak which he played during the carnival at Mans. In company with three of his friends he smeared himself with honey from head to foot, and, after rolling in a heap of feathers, issued out into the street. The mob assailed and plucked the masqueraders, who, to escape further mortification, jumped from a bridge into the icy waters of the Sarthe. His friends subsequently died from the shock, and he himself was crippled for life. In one of his poems he speaks of having been thrown from a vehicle, and his neck was twisted by the fall in a way which ever after prevented his looking upwards. Whatever was the origin of his maladies, "his form," to use his own words, "had become bent like a Z." "My legs," he adds, "first made an obtuse angle with my thighs, then a right, and at last an acute angle; my thighs made another with my body. My head is bent upon my chest; my arms are contracted as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. I am, in truth, a pretty complete abridgment of human misery." His head was too big for his diminutive stature, one eye was set deeper than the other, and his teeth were the color of wood. At the time of his marriage, he could only move with freedom his hand, tongue, and eyes. His days were passed in a chair with a hood, and so completely was he the *abridgment* of man he describes himself, that his wife had to kneel to look in his face. He could not be moved without screaming from pain, nor sleep without taking opium. The epitaph which he wrote on himself, and which is very superior to his usual style of versification, is touching from its truth:—

"Tread softly—make no noise  
To break his slumbers deep;  
Poor Scarron here enjoys  
His first calm night of sleep."

Yet with all his infirmities his cheerfulness was imperturbable. "It is, perhaps," says Tallemant des Réaux, "one of the wonders of our age, that a man in that state, and poor, should be able to laugh as he does." "The Prometheus, the Hercules, and the Philoctetes of fable, and the Job of the Holy Scriptures," says another contemporary writer, Balzac, "utter, in the violence of their torments, many sublime and heroic things, but no comical ones. I have often met in antiquity with pain that was wise, and with pain that was eloquent; but I never before saw pain joyous, nor found a soul merrily cutting capers in a paralytic frame."

On the death of his father in 1643, Scarron's inheritance was little more than a lawsuit with his stepmother, which he lost almost simultaneously with his health. A pension, paid him by Cardinal Richelieu, expired with that statesman in 1642. He had recourse to his pen for support, and in 1644 he published "The Typhon, or War of the Giants against the Gods," dedicated to Cardinal Mazarin. Two or three years later appeared the "Virgile Travesti," to which he owed his fame, and which won for him the incongruous epithets of "the divine," and "the inimitable." So great was the rage for his works that the booksellers called every poem "Burlesque;" and there was one instance of a sacred and entirely serious piece being announced as written *en vers burlesques*. It was to no purpose that some high authorities tried to check this perverse tendency. "Even your father," observed Boileau to Racine's son, "had the defect of sometimes reading Scarron, and laughing over him, though he always concealed this from me." But Boileau was hardly more severe to the creator of burlesque poetry in France than Scarron was to himself. "I am ready to attest before any one," he declares in the dedicatory epistle of the fifth book of his "Æneide Travestie," "that the paper I employ for my writings is only so much paper wasted. The whole of these parodies, and my "Virgil" at the head, are rank absurdities. It is a style which has spoilt the taste of all the world."

Much, however, as he may have condemned the productions of his pen, Scarron was reduced to live by them, and this he was wont to call his *Marquaisat de Quinet*, from the name of the bookseller who published his works. Although he has himself styled his house *l'Hôtel de l'Impécuniosité*, we learn from Segrais that he was "very creditably lodged, that his furniture was covered with yellow damask of the value of five or six thousand livres, that he wore garments of fine velvet, and had several servants at his command." Here it was that he received the *beaux-esprits* and court gallants of the time at his evening

*réunions* and suppers—here that nobles and high-born dames mixed freely with Ménage, Benserade, and Pelisson. That no species of celebrity might be wanting, even the too famous Ninon de l'Enclos—the modern *Leontium*—was to be seen exchanging courtesies with virtuous ladies who have scorned to receive her at their own houses. It has been truly remarked that if, at the *Hôtel Rambouillet*, the great world received the world of literature and art, the former in turn became the guest in the *salons* of Scarron.

The society which collected about the burlesque poet was probably the principal solace of his life. The method by which he succeeded in attracting so much rank, fashion, and talent round his hooded chair is not easy to conjecture. "Kind, serviceable, faithful in friendship," says Segrais, "he was invariably agreeable and amusing, even in anger or in sorrow." With a man so poor and afflicted, this was a slender resource for constituting him the centre of one of the most brilliant circles in Paris. Even his powers of entertaining are less favorably represented by Tallemant des Réaux. "He sometimes," says this rather cynical writer, "lets drop a humorous observation, but not often. He is always trying to be facetious, which is the way to defeat the intention." The account is too probable to be entirely rejected. His reputation was founded upon his talents for jest, and what remains to us of his writings and sayings leads to the conclusion that his ambition was always to sustain his part. But, though the motive which originally brought the gay world of Paris to his door is not apparent, the custom, once established, was kept up without effort. Then it was not Scarron only that people went to see, but the celebrities of whom each was an attraction to the other.

At the time of his marriage in 1652 Scarron had enjoyed his fame and its advantages for about eight years. He assigned as his reason for the match "that it was to ensure society, for that otherwise people would not come to see him." If his guests had begun to drop off, the method he took to win them was entirely successful. Tallemant des Réaux himself allows the exceeding popularity of his youthful wife. In her old age she gave a curious and self-complacent account of the estimation in which she was held at this period, and the mode by which she obtained it:—

"In my tender years I was what is called a good child; everybody loved me: there was no one, down to the domestics of my aunt, who were not charmed with me. When I was older and I was placed in those convents, you know how I was cherished by my mistresses and companions, and always for the same reason, that from morning to

night I on only thought of serving and obliging them. When I was with that poor cripple I found myself in the fashionable world, where I was sought after and esteemed. The women loved me because I was unassuming in society, and much more taken up with others than with myself. The men followed me because I had the beauty and graces of youth. The partiality they had for me was rather a general friendship—a friendship of esteem—than love. I did not wish to be loved by any individual in particular, but I wished to be loved by everybody, to have my name pronounced with admiration and respect, to play a praiseworthy part, and, above all, to be approved by the good: it was my idol."

On one occasion she shut herself up with a person who had the small-pox, and who was deserted by all the world—"a little," she said, "from pity, but chiefly from a desire to do a thing which had never been done before." Another time, without requiring it, she took an emetic, then a new medicine, and regarded by the majority of the faculty in the light of a poison, in order that her friends, to whom she related the incident with an air of indifference, might exclaim, "See this pretty woman, she has more courage than a man." In her old age she spoke of her lust of praise as a vice, but she could still deliver such extravagant doctrines as the following to the girls at St. Cyr:—

"It is not enough that a few select persons should speak well of us, it is necessary that all who know us should do the same—that your father should say, 'How happy I am to have such a daughter!' your mother, 'How rational my girl is!' your other relations, 'How delightful it is to have Mademoiselle such-a-one with us!' your lady's-maid, 'What a pleasure it is to wait on Mademoiselle!' So with the shoemaker, the dressmaker, the laundress, and the footman—because servants when they are alone talk of nothing but their masters and mistresses; and if there is ever so little evil to tell they are sure to divulge it. Reputation often depends more upon these people than their betters who do not see us so near."

She herself used to call her weakness the crime of Lucifer—pride; but the basis of a character which does everything for praise and admiration is vanity. 'Applause,' said Tallemant des Reaux, 'is spoiling her; she is conceited.' It was inevitable that the head of a girl thus thirsting for homage should be turned by the adulation and attention which awaited her at the house of M. Scarron.

None of her qualities are better attested than her remarkable intelligence, for the proofs of it survive in her letters. They contain, however, no indication of what is mentioned as a predominant characteristic during the years when she fascinated the guests of the facetious Scarron—a native sprightliness,

which must have been far more enlivening than the labored and almost professional buffoonery of her husband. 'I am lively,' she said, in after years, 'by nature, and melancholy from circumstances.' Her beauty is no less established both by the testimony of her contemporaries, and a miniature at the Louvre—an enamel by Petitot. It is a face at once remarkable for feature and expression: the skin and complexion are exquisite; over the thoughtful and serene brow clusters a profusion of brown hair; the fine curve of the nose is a happy medium between the straightness of the Greek and the extreme Roman; and the small mouth and rich lips are perfection. The chin is of that rounded feline type which is not to be found in any other picture of a celebrated beauty for a whole century, and which was first described by one who was little apt to be mistaken when painting female charms.\* Still the real magic of the face is in the eyes. They are rather beaming than bright, but of a remarkable intensity, and justify the expression of Madame de Montespan, who, after the birth of one of her last children, wrote to her friend, 'Come to me, I entreat you, but do not survey me with those great dark eyes, of which I stand in such terrible awe.' Yet there is nothing stern in the countenance; on the contrary, its predominant character is that of gentle wisdom, conjoined to a certain mobility which appears to promise every expression except that of tenderness. Ninon de l'Enclos was right when she said to Fontenelle, 'Madame Scarron was always virtuous, but the merit was small—she was incapable of loving.' In the famous picture at Versailles, painted when she was past fifty, and where, behooded and veiled and in Carmelite-colored robes, the governess of the King's children is lecturing the Duchesse de Bourgogne at her knee, we have the same eye, mouth, chin, and brow as in the early enamel. Though one represents the morning, the other the decline of life, there is no difficulty in distinguishing the young and beautiful Indian in the lady of matronly grace whom Louis XIV. used to address by the title of *Votre Solidité*.†

\* See in the 'Nouvelle Heloise' of Rousseau the letter where St. Preux, on receiving Julie's picture, speaks of the peculiar form of her chin.

† The sprightliness and exceeding beauty of Madame de Maintenon in her youth will be a surprise to many who are only familiar with her history after she had passed her prime. M. Nonilles justly remarks, 'We are acquainted with her too late.' Those who have described her as she appeared in the first bloom of her loveliness are unanimous in their report. Mlle. de Seudery has painted her in her romance of *Clelie* under the name of Lyrienne: 'She was of high birth, and so lovely that it was next to impossible to compare any one else to her. \* \* \* Her figure was large and beautiful, her air noble, gentle, vivacious, and mod-



It was a situation of extreme peril for a girl thus gifted—so young, so beautiful, so intelligent, so winning, and so inexperienced—to be wedded to a deformed cripple of forty-two, incapable of stirring from his uneasy chair, and to be thrown into the lax and free-spoken society which frequented her husband's chamber. How did she pass through the trying ordeal? She herself has given an answer to the question. 'I have seen everything,' she said, reverting to those days, 'but always in a way to earn a reputation without reproach.' But we are not left to her own testimony. It is admitted by her contemporaries that she gave the tone to Scarron's guests instead of adopting theirs, that the old recklessness of talk was hushed, and that her life afforded no pretence for scandal. 'If,' observed one of the young gallants, 'I must fail in respect to her or the Queen, I would do it to the latter.' 'Neither her husband's malady,' said Sorbière, 'nor her beauty, youth, and ready wit, ever injured her virtue. Although the admirers who sighed around her were the noblest and richest of the realm, her unimpeachable conduct compelled the esteem of everybody.' The Chevalier de Méré, who was one of these admirers, is loud in his encomiums, and has no other fault to find with her than that she was not more frail.

In after life she affirmed that M. Scarron was fundamentally good, and that she had cured him of his license. The advantage was reciprocal, he on his part teaching her Spanish, Italian, and Latin, and furnishing her mind with the rich resources of literature. She was less successful in introducing habits of economy into her husband's house than in correcting his freedoms and regulating the tone of conversation at his receptions. All his patrimony appears to have consisted of a small estate near Amboise, which he sold for 24,000 livres, and this was not likely to last long with a man who wrote to Rome to order pictures from Poussin.\* All his tastes were expensive; and his very physical infirmities, and the society which was their alleviation, involved an outlay beyond his means. The revenue from his 'Marquisat de Quinet' was small, for the copyrights of books were far from fetch-

est. To heighten her beauty she had the finest eyes in the world. Dark, shining, passionate, soft, and full of intelligence, their lustre was something not to be described; and their expression was by turns that of mild melancholy and joyous vivacity. Her wit suited her beauty, and was both agreeable and great. She had no affectation; knew well the world, and a thousand other things, whereof she conceived no vainglory. Adding the charms of virtue to those of beauty and wit, it may well be averred that she merited all the admiration she obtained.

\* The proof of this is to be found in the 'Lettres de Nicolas Poussin.'

ing then the enormous sums they have sometimes commanded since. During the civil war of the Fronde he had the misfortune to espouse the side which proved ultimately unsuccessful, and his 'Mazarinades,' or satires against the Cardinal, had cost him a pension, of which no efforts, (and he spared none) could procure the renewal. Fouquet, it is true, gave him a yearly stipend of sixteen hundred livres, and there is reason to believe that the affection of Madame Fouquet for his wife was the cause of more than one act of liberality on the part of the superintendent-general. It is one merit not to be overlooked in the youthful helpmate of Scarron, that she proved thus early superior to a common vanity of her sex, and that, in spite of the thriftless example of her husband, she was not beguiled into extravagance by girlish thoughtlessness, or the natural temptation to rival in dress the people who surrounded her.

Not very long before his death the poet devised a new scheme for increasing his income. The people who brought their carts of merchandise to Paris hired guides at the gates to conduct them; and, as many highwaymen assumed the office for the purpose of plundering the vehicles, Scarron proposed that the duty should be confided to licensed persons of approved honesty, and who should be sworn to a faithful discharge of their trust. His first application remained unanswered; a second and a third attempt shared the same fate; till at last, Madame Scarron being persuaded against her will to urge the petition, the authorization was granted. 'This affair,' wrote the distressed poet to Fouquet, 'is the last hope of both my wife and myself: as to me, I am ill with the anxiety. Ah, monseigneur! if you did but know what we have to fear, and to what we may be reduced if it fail! M. Vissins' (Scarron's associate in the business) 'and myself can only have recourse to poison!' But the scheme happily justified the anticipations of its originator, and for the last year or two of his life he derived five or six thousand livres *per annum* from his plan.

It was in October, 1660, eight years after his ill-assorted union, that this life of smiles and suffering, of poverty and extravagance, came to a close. He continued to jest to the last; and, seeing the bystanders in tears, 'I shall never, my friends,' he exclaimed, 'make you weep as much as I have made you laugh.' To his wife he spoke seriously. He lamented that he had nothing to leave her, and said that her merit was infinite and beyond all praise. He, at least, seems never to have had reason to repent his hazardous choice; and, what is really surprising, there is no trace that the wife grew impatient of her bondage, or, as she advanced into womanhood and learnt her power

over richer and more personable men, of her ever regretting the precipitancy of the girl. She always, however, after the death of M. Scarron, spoke of marriage with aversion. 'I have learnt too well,' she said, 'that it is not delicious, and that liberty is.'

When the poor cripple whom she had married for a subsistence was in his grave, she was reduced to poverty beyond anything she had yet experienced. *Cette charmante malheureuse!* was the name by which she was commonly known among her friends. In vain various persons of distinction endeavored to obtain for her the renewal of the pension formerly granted to her husband. Mazarin was inflexible. 'Is she in health?' he asked, and on being told 'Yes,' he replied, 'Then she is incapacitated for succeeding to a man who was ill!' For the first few months the Maréchale d'Aumont, Scarron's niece, lent her a room in the Convent des Hospitalières, and sent her clothes and all other necessities of which she stood in need. 'But,' says Talle-mant des Réaux, 'she made such a noise about it, that the widow got tired, and one day returned to her relative a cartload of wood she had ordered to be shot down in the convent-yard.' This extreme distress lasted about a year. Mazarin survived only five months the burlesque poet who satirized him, and after the death of the vindictive minister, some one chancing to mention before the queen-mother the name of Scarron, she inquired what had become of his wife? The answer drew forth the further question, 'What was the husband's pension?' The person addressed, foreseeing what was to follow, suddenly conceived the idea of magnifying the sum, and replied, 'Two thousand livres.' When Madame Scarron went to thank the Queen for her bounty, she overheard a lady remarking, 'If this pension is granted to the most beautiful eyes, and the most coquettish person in France, no better choice could be made.' Her rage and mortification were extreme. 'Is this,' she said, 'the result of all the care I have taken to earn a reputation without reproach? The humiliating speech weighed a long time upon my heart.' Those who recall the good sense which distinguishes her letters, will hardly credit that she should have been the slave of such childish weakness.

Her annuity enabled her to remove to an apartment in the Convent of the Ursulines, where she had been educated as a girl. The five hundred livres, over and above what her husband had received, she set apart for the poor, 'if for no other reason,' she said, 'than to repair the officious lie of my friend.' 'She managed the remainder so well,' writes Mademoiselle d'Aumale, originally one of the pupils at St. Cyr, who had received the account from Madame de Maintenon, 'that she saw the best

company, and was always well though simply dressed. She contrived to pay her own board and that of her maid, and never burned anything but wax-lights!' Her dress was in keeping with the wax-lights, for, 'besides being always nicely shod, she had very handsome petticoats'! (*de très belles jupes*). Her confessor, the Abbé Gobelin, remonstrated with her on the elegance of her attire; to which she replied that 'her gowns were of the commonest stuffs.' 'That may be,' rejoined the worthy man, 'but I only know that when you kneel there drops to the ground with you such a quantity of drapery, that, most honored lady, I cannot avoid thinking it too much.' This combination of mean material with the utmost gracefulness of make is extremely characteristic. There was a mixture throughout, by her own confession, of vanity and humility, but of an humility of which the object was to feed her vanity. She was accustomed to speak of these early years of her widowhood as of the golden period of her existence:—

"All the days of my youth were very agreeable to me," she said at St. Cyr, "because, although I have experienced poverty and passed through states very different from that in which you see me, I was contented and happy. I was a stranger to chagrin and *ennui*; I was free. I went to the Hôtel d'Albert, or to that of Richelieu, sure to be welcomed and to meet my friends there, or else to attract them to my apartment on acquainting them that I could not go out."

Every one knows the striking saying of Madame de Maintenon as she watched the carp uneasy in their crystal water and marble basin in the royal gardens: 'They are like me, they regret their *mud*.' No one had ever felt more forcibly the truth expressed in the lines of Gray:—

"What is grandeur, what is power?  
Heavier toil, superior pain;"

and it is worth a hundred homilies on contentment to see this wife and bondswoman of Louis XIV. looking back with a sigh of regret from the splendid palace of Versailles upon the modest apartment in the Convent of the Ursulines.

The death of Anne of Austria in 1666 came to trouble her felicity. The pension dropped with the life of its donor, and the repeated audiences of Madame Scarron with Colbert obtained her nothing more substantial than polite promises. 'If I was in power and in favor,' she exclaimed, 'how differently would I treat those who were in want!' The solicitations of her friends to the King were equally unsuccessful. Of all the events that could have been predicted at that moment, none would have sounded so wildly improbable to Madame

Scarron as that she should one day be the wife of the great monarch whom she was suing in vain for a paltry pittance to keep her from beggary, none would have appeared so revolting and even impossible to Louis XIV. as that he should marry the poor widow to whom he was refusing the necessities of life. The defeat of his armies and the loss of a province would have seemed less humiliating to his pride.

Whilst Madame Scarron could get no assistance from the Crown, her private friends, Madame de Richelieu, Madame de Montchevrueil, and the Maréchale d'Albret vied with each other in offering her the asylum of their respective homes. This she refused, and preferred to accept a proposal from the Princesse de Nemours, affianced to Alphonso king of Portugal, to accompany her to her new kingdom. The Duc de Nevers remarking one day to the royal bride on the slender capacity of her future consort and his minister, 'Never mind,' she replied; 'I shall have wit enough for the king, and she' (pointing to Madame Scarron) 'will have enough for the minister.' But now occurred an event which defeated the project, and was the first step in that long flight by which Madame Scarron ascended to the throne:—

"I shall not go to Portugal," she writes to her friend Madame de Chanteloup; "it is quite decided. A few days ago Madame de Thianges took me to see his sister,\* telling her I was about leaving for Lisbon. "For Lisbon?" exclaimed she; "that is a long way off; you must remain here. Albret has spoken to me of you, and I am quite aware of your merit." I would rather, thought I to myself, that she were quite aware of my poverty! This I then described to her, without letting myself down, and she listened attentively, though she was at her toilet. I told her how I had in vain petitioned M. Colbert, how my friends had in vain petitioned the King, how I was obliged to seek an honest livelihood out of my own country, etc. In short, I think Madame de Lafayette herself would have been satisfied with the truth of my expressions and the brevity of my story. Madame de Montespan seemed touched, and asked me for a detailed petition, that she would undertake, she said, to present to the King. I thanked her warmly, and wrote it in haste. The King, they say, received it kindly; perhaps the hand that tendered it made it agreeable. M. de Villeroi joined his entreaties to hers. In short, my pension is restored to me upon the same footing as by the late Queen. Two thousand livres! It is more than is needed for my solitude and the good of my soul."

Mlle. de la Vallière was at this time the avowed mistress of Louis XIV., and the favor he showed to Madame de Montespan was supposed to be accorded to her lively conversa-

\* Madame de Thianges was sister to Madame de Montespan.

tion. One year later (1667) the King, flushed with his victories in Flanders, summoned the court to meet him at Compiègne, that he might enjoy the praise and the congratulations which awaited him. Thither came also Mlle. de la Vallière, to the extreme indignation and distress of the Queen. Foremost among those who inveighed against the daring intruder was Madame de Montespan. 'God preserve me,' she said, 'from being the mistress of the King! but if I was miserable enough for that, I should never have the audacity to appear before the Queen.' Nevertheless it is now a matter of history, that upon this very occasion she was carrying on a secret intrigue with him herself. The effrontery which could ejaculate such a prayer, and make such a protestation, was not likely to continue to wear a veil; and though Mlle. de la Vallière did not retire from the court to the cloister till 1674, it was soon notorious that she had a successful rival in Madame de Montespan. 'When I suffer at the Carmelites,' said the poor penitent, 'I will remember what these people (the King and Madame de Montespan) have made me suffer here.' In the lapse of years, when the triumphant mistress had been set aside in her turn, she might be seen at the Carmelites seeking religious counsel of the frail sister whom she had tormented and displaced.

Upon the birth of the Duc du Maine in 1670, proposals were made to Madame Scarron to take charge of the infant prince and his elder sister who died shortly after. 'I will not,' she replied, by the advice of her confessor, 'take charge of the children of Madame de Montespan, but if the King commands me to take care of his, I will obey.' The King gave the order, and she entered with zeal upon an office which was rather that of a mother than a governess, as the children were then too young to be instructed. She was careful, as they grew older, not to show them any false indulgence out of deference to their royal birth. The spirit in which she trained them may be gathered from a passage in a letter which she wrote in 1686 to one of the governesses of Saint Cyr. 'I am told that some of the girls make a piece of work about taking their bark; do not suffer such nonsense in a house where everything is to be regulated by reason. I never allowed the children of the King to make the least resistance to taking medicine, and, while telling them that it was very nasty, I obliged them to drink it up like water.'

'If this was the beginning of Madame de Maintenon's\* elevation,' writes Madame de

\* In 1674 Louis XIV. presented Madame Scarron with the estate of Maintenon, worth 15,000 livres a year, as a reward for her care of his children. He greeted her the next time he saw her as Madame de Maintenon, and she bore the name ever after.

Caylus, 'it was also that of her annoyance and constraint. She was of necessity separated from her friends, and obliged to renounce society, for which she seemed created, and all this without being able to assign publicly any sufficient reason for her altered habits.' The general idea is, that she inhabited a handsome house in the Rue de Vaugirard, had carriages and servants at her command, and superintended the education of several little illegitimate princes and princesses, at whose irregular entrance into the world she found it convenient to wink. But this is far from the truth. The house in the Rue de Vaugirard was not thought of until 1672; and, for the first two or three years, each infant, the better to conceal it, was placed with its nurse in a separate habitation without the walls of the town. To avoid suspicion, Madame Scarron was prohibited from lodging under the same roof with any of the children, and was to change as little as possible her former mode of life:—

"I had to climb ladders," she says, "and do the work of carpenters and upholsters, because no workpeople were permitted to enter. The nurses were to assist in nothing, for fear of fatiguing themselves and spoiling their milk. Often I went from one of these houses to the other on foot and in disguise, carrying under my arm provisions and linen, and sometimes, in case of illness, passing the whole night by the sick child's bed. I was then forced to enter my own dwelling by a back door, and, having dressed, used to go out again at the front in a carriage, and pay my visits at the Hôtel d'Albret or the Hôtel de Richelieu, so that my acquaintances might suspect nothing. Nay, I have gone so far as to be bled, in order that I might not blush if anything occurred to embarrass me."

Nor was this all. She attended, according to Madame de Caylus, at the birth of each addition to her nursery, and covering the newborn infant with her shawl, she returned masked to Paris in a hackney-coach, full of alarm, lest the wail of the little brat should betray her to the driver. The object of so much mystery is by no means clear. Though the actual birth was conducted in secrecy, there was none about its anticipation. 'Madame de Montespan,' says Madame de Caylus, 'was in despair at her first pregnancy, consoled herself at the second, and carried impudence at the rest as far as it could go.'

To the other discomforts of the position of Madame Scarron was added the annoyance which arose from the overbearing and uncertain temper of Madame de Montespan. Often she resolved to resign her office:—

"I really cannot see," she writes to the Abbé Gobelin, her confessor, "in what way it can be Heaven's will that I should suffer through Ma-

dame de Montespan. She is incapable of friendship, and I cannot dispense with it. She could not be subject to the constant opposition I offer to her conduct without hating me. She does with me what she chooses; destroys me in the King's esteem, or restores me to his good graces. I dare not speak to him myself, for she never would forgive me; and even if I could, what I owe to her would forbid me from saying anything against her. Therefore I see no remedy for all my ills." "I have tried everything," she writes in 1676 to a female friend, "in regard to Madame de Montespan; but there is nothing at heart—no good; she is only amiable by fits and starts; all is caprice."

Though these gusts of temper had frequently no other source than the ungovernable humor of Madame de Montespan, there was a distinct and constant cause of irritation at work. Madame de Sévigné, writing to her daughter in April, 1675, tells her that for a couple of years there had been a complete hatred between the two Madams, and that they are as opposed as black and white. The reason, she adds, is the pride of Madame de Maintenon, which makes her rebel against the orders of Madame de Montespan, and recognize only the authority of the father to the entire exclusion of that of the mother. This was in accordance with the original contract. Madame de Maintenon considered that it was consistent with her dignity to be the servant of a king, but she would have felt it to be a degradation to be the servant of a mistress. Madame de Montespan not unnaturally regarded the question from another aspect, and thought that the parent had a right to be heard on the management of her children.

In the same letter in which Madame de Sévigné reveals the quarrels, she mentions that the King is scolded for having too much friendship for this lofty lady (*pour cette glorieuse*), but that the partiality was not expected to last. Last, however, it did, and, what was more, for some years continued to increase. Madame de Maintenon, so eager to please everybody, could not be indifferent to the good opinion of her sovereign. But she did not at first succeed. The belief that she was a blue-stocking had prejudiced him against her, and an accidental circumstance confirmed him in the notion. "Madame de Heudicourt," she says, "having innocently told him, on returning from a walk, that Madame de Montespan and I had talked before her in so elevated a strain that we got beyond her, he was so displeased that he could not help showing it, and it was some time before I could venture to come into his presence." In speaking of her to Madame de Montespan, he used to call her "*notre bel-esprit*," and it is true that she was anxious to excel in conversation. "My confessor," she wrote in 1669, "has ordered me to be dull in company to mortify the passion



he detects in me of wishing to please by my understanding. I obey; but as I yawn, and make others yawn, I am sometimes ready to give up devotion." The mistake of Louis XIV. was to imagine that her conversation was affected and pedantic. On the contrary, she had an extreme dislike of learned ladies, "who," she said, "were never learned but by halves, and that the little they knew rendered them commonly proud, disdainful, talkative, and averse to solid things." She taught orthography—then much neglected by the best educated persons—to her pupils at St. Cyr, but cautioned them against attempting to attain to perfect correctness, lest it should wear the appearance of pretension. Her rule for style was to avoid circumlocution and far-fetched-phrases, and her practice was in accordance with her theory. All her letters are remarkable for simplicity. The Duc de Saint Simon, notwithstanding his hostility to her, admits that "her language was well chosen and naturally eloquent and concise." The effect, he adds, was aided by an "incomparable grace, and an easy and yet respectful manner." Madame de Sévigné, who had been much in her society, says that it was "truly delicious."

Thus Louis only needed to be better acquainted with her to be disabused of his prejudices; and she of necessity came more in contact with him when the three children of whom she had charge were legitimated in 1673, and appeared openly at court. An event occurred in 1675 which enabled her to improve her position. Both Louis XIV. and his mistress were frequently visited by religious scruples. Madame de Montespan was accustomed to fast so rigorously in Lent, that her pittance of bread was doled out to her by weight; and, on the Duchess d'Uzès expressing her astonishment, she exclaimed, "What! because I commit one sin, am I to commit every other?" When Passion-week arrived, she and the King were equally struck with remorse, and they agreed to a separation. After an absence of some months, the question was mooted whether she should return to the court, and Bossuet, with incredible weakness, advised the step. To avoid the awkwardness of exchanging their first greetings in public it was settled that she should have a preliminary meeting with the King, and to obviate the scandal of an entirely private interview, it was arranged that it should take place in the presence of a few selected witnesses. The penitents soon withdrew into a window-recess, and talked in whispers. The old passion was instantly revived. "They made," says Madame de Caylus, "a profound bow to the company, and passed into another room. The Duchess of Orleans and the Count of Toulouse were the result." But though Madame de

Montespan resumed her old position, she never recovered her former influence. In the absence of the mistress the King had had recourse to the friend, who gained an ascendant which she kept to the last. "She is more triumphant than ever," says Madame de Sévigné, May 6th, 1676. "Everything is submitted to her empire."

On the return of Madame de Montespan, the quarrels were renewed with greater violence than before. The discovery of the increased consideration accorded to the *gouvernante* was not likely to alleviate former jealousies. The King himself was made a party to their disputes; and he sometimes defended the mistress to the friend, but with the tone of a man who was apologizing for the one who was in the wrong to the one who was in the right. These very bickerings must have assisted the growing favor of Madame de Maintenon. When her calm, equable, conciliating temper was contrasted with the wayward impetuosity and grasping disposition of Madame de Montespan, she must have appeared an Angel by the side of a Fury. A contemporary bishop said that her triumph was the victory of the spirit of goodness over the spirit of evil. With the view, as some conjecture, of withdrawing Louis from the society of the friend, the old mistress introduced a new candidate for his affection in the person of Mlle. Fontanges, a beautiful, weak, and insipid woman. The device failed, and Madame de Montespan endangered her own position without shaking for an instant the supremacy of her rival. She accused her one day of aspiring herself to be the mistress of the King. 'He would then,' said Madame de Maintenon, 'have three.' He has three,' replied the other: 'me in name, that girl (Mlle. Fontanges) in fact, and you have his heart.' Other schemes were tried with no better success. The old Duke de Villars was to demand her in marriage; but she simply answered, that she had troubles enough without seeking them in a state which was the misery of threefourths of the human race. An intrigue to destroy her credit with the King, and of which the particulars are unknown, was aided by the powerful talents of Louvois and Rochefoucauld, but it had no result. Worn out with the turmoil, Madame de Maintenon continued to talk of retiring, but never went. Weary work as it might be to walk the dull, uneasy, daily round, it was yet for her a magic circle of which she found it impossible to break the bounds.

The Dauphin was married in January, 1680, and Madame de Maintenon was appointed one of the *tire-women* of the Dauphiness. This lady had a profusion of hair, and Madame de Maintenon was the only person who could comb it without giving pain to her royal

mistress. 'You would hardly believe,' she used to say, 'how much a talent for combing heads contributed to my elevation.' But the talent was general. With her rage for pleasing, whatever was to be done she was always the volunteer who stood forward to do it. Her new office removed her from her painful domestic contact with Madame de Montespan. They met in public, talked with vivacity, and to those who only judged by appearances seemed excellent friends. Yet the grudge and the jealousy were in no degree lessened by this outward truce. Once when they had to make a journey in the same carriage, Madame de Montespan said, as she seated herself, 'Let us talk as if there were no difference between us, but on condition that we resume our disputes when we return.' In both respects they kept to the bargain.

The release from the tempestuous humors of Madame de Montespan was coincident with fresh proofs of the partiality of the King. 'I hear,' writes Madame de Sévigné, in June, 1680, 'that the conversations of his Majesty with Madame de Maintenon only grow and flourish, that they last from six to ten, that his daughter-in-law sometimes pays them a short visit, that she finds them each in a great chair, and that when the visit is over they resume the thread of their discourse. The lady is no longer approached except with fear and respect, and the ministers pay the same court to her that others do to them.' 'As I have often said,' Madame de Sévigné remarks a month later, 'she has made him acquainted with a new country—I mean the commerce of friendship, and of conversation without duplicity or constraint.' This is doubtless, the true explanation of the singular charm which she exercised over him. His ministers talked to him of business, his courtiers uttered insipidities, all alike overwhelmed him with flattery, and the greater part had some interest to promote. His mistresses, who alone could venture to be familiar with him, owed their privilege to a passion which deprived them of his respect. But Madame de Maintenon united perfect ease to steady principle—treated him as a man without offending the pride of the monarch; brought into prominence the moral part of his nature; and spoke to him of his feelings, his faults, and his trials, with the intelligence of a confessor and the winning gentleness of a woman. Picture a sovereign worn out with state affairs, intrigues, and ceremonies, possessed of a confidante who was always the same—always calm, always rational, equally capable to instruct and to soothe him; never divulging any secret to show the trust that was reposed in her; never presuming upon her power, or allowing any selfish motive to transpire, and there needs nothing more to explain why Louis XIV. should have sought

the society of Madame de Maintenon, and should be found sitting with her daily in 1680 from six to ten.

The Queen encouraged the intimacy. When any insinuations were made to the disadvantage of the friend she was accustomed to reply, 'the King has never been so kind to me as since he listens to her; I owe his affection to her influence.' The change she had wrought in alienating Louis XIV. from his mistresses, and restoring him to the society of his wife, is described by Madame de Maintenon herself in a letter dated November, 1682. 'The royal family live in a union which is most edifying. The King converses for whole hours with the Queen. The present she has made me of her portrait is the most agreeable circumstance which has happened to me since I have been at Court: it is to my mind an infinite distinction. Madame de Montespan has never had anything similar.' Some one, pointing at the Court of Henry IV. to the Marchioness de Guercheville, who had been made a lady-in-waiting to the Queen, said to Malherbe, 'See what virtue has done;' to which Malherbe replied, in pointing to Madame de Luynes, who had been elevated still higher, 'See what vice has done.' The exultation of Madame de Maintenon was not only the exclamation of personal triumph, but a mode of expressing that this time virtue had received a tribute which was not accorded to vice.

A few months after the Queen had given this testimony of her gratitude she expired in the arms of Madame de Maintenon, July 30, 1683. Louis XIV. was affected by her death, but his sorrow was neither excessive nor prolonged. When the eldest of his children by Madame de Montespan died at the age of three, and the King observed the distress of her who had been the real mother of the infant in everything except bringing it into the world, surprised, perhaps, to witness grief for a being so young, he exclaimed, 'She knows how to love; there would be some pleasure in being loved by her.' Now he appeared to have no satisfaction in witnessing the emotions which testified regard for the departed. Four days after the death of the Queen, Madame de Maintenon, in her quality of attendant on the Dauphiness, joined the King at St. Cloud, when they all set out for Fontainebleau. The friend appeared with an air of deep affliction, and Louis XIV. rallied her upon her grief, and made it the subject of some pleasantries! There was a Madame Hérault, who lost her husband, and the Marshal de Grammont assumed a mournful countenance as a mark of condolence. 'Alas!' said the widow, 'the poor man has done well to die.' 'Is that the way you take it?' replied the Marshal. 'By my faith then I care no more than you.' 'I will not swear,' says Madame de Caylus, in re-

lating the conduct of Louis XIV., 'that Madame de Maintenon did not answer him inwardly as the Marshal de Grammont answered Madame Hérault.'

It is probable that the King had already notions in his mind which were not in keeping with the mourning countenance of Madame de Maintenon. Madame de Caylus, who was one of the party, relates that the favor of her aunt rose to its highest point during the sojourn at Fontainebleau, that she seemed violently torn by hopes and fears, and that at last her agitation was succeeded by a calm. The niece plainly intimates her belief that it was then that the marriage was agreed upon; but the ceremony is supposed not to have taken place till 1685, though M. Lavalée believes that it was performed in 1684. A mystery envelops the whole transaction. Neither Louis XIV. nor Madame de Maintenon were ever known to speak of it, and the other persons who were privy to the proceeding were no less secret than the principals. There is an allusion to it in two letters of the bishop of Chartres, the director of Madame de Maintenon—one addressed to herself, the other to the King—but these were never intended to see the light. It is asserted by Saint-Simon, that the archbishop of Paris, who is supposed to have performed the ceremony, joined with Louvois in extorting a promise from their royal master, that he would not divulge a secret which they considered would dishonor him in the eyes of his subjects. Twice Madame de Maintenon is affirmed to have nearly won him over to declare the marriage. On the first occasion Louvois detected the design, and remonstrated with the King, who was about to retire to avoid his importunities. The minister threw himself on his knees, seized his Majesty by the legs to retain him, and presenting him with a sword, begged to be killed on the spot rather than survive to see his sovereign disgrace his crown, and die of confusion and regret. It is Saint-Simon who relates and applauds this tragi-comic story, which we suspect to be apocryphal. On the second occasion Louis XIV., he says, consulted Bossuet and Fénelon, who again dissuaded him from executing his design. During the life of the King it was convenient that the marriage should be tacitly acknowledged without being formally proclaimed. It prevented a thousand embarrassments and mortifications which would have arisen if the widow of Scarron had been installed as Queen. But what could be the motive of Madame de Maintenon for destroying all the documents and letters which would reveal the fact to posterity? If she believed the marriage to be already notorious, the precaution was useless; and if she thought to render it doubtful, was she content to leave it a disputed point in history as to whether she was his mistress or his

wife? Louis XIV. could hardly have been so unmanly as to exact a pledge which might imperil her permanent fame; and if he did, it is a blot upon her reputation that she should have stooped to such terms.

At the death of the queen Louis XIV. was forty-five years of age, and Madame de Maintenon forty-eight. Her influence over the King was already fully established; but, at her time of life, and with the notions of that period of the impassable gulf which separated the sovereign from his subjects, it is altogether unlikely that the notion of a marriage had ever entered her mind. Without adopting the language of Saint-Simon, who said that posterity would refuse to believe in the possibility of such a union, and who calls it "the profoundest, the most durable and unheard-of humiliation," there was yet no one in France who would have supposed for an instant that sober esteem for a widow of forty-eight could have triumphed over the pride of the haughtiest of princes. The first thought, as the first suggestion of the project, came therefore, we doubt not, from Louis himself. As little can we doubt that she was dazzled by the offer, and, however she may have coquetted with it, that she secretly closed with it on the instant. Her original ambition was to convert the monarch. "When I began to see," she said at Saint-Cyr, "that it would not, perhaps, be impossible to contribute to the salvation of the King, I began also to be convinced that God had conducted me to the court for that purpose, and to this I limited all my views." She never abandoned the mission, though the dreams in which she had probably indulged—of making one of the most ambitious, worldly, and vainglorious sovereigns the model of a Christian prince—must have been quickly abated. Her sustained efforts to turn him to religion have brought upon her with posterity the odium of that famous and impolitic act of his reign—which took place in October, 1685, about the period of the marriage—the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The popular notion, as we have already stated, is, that Louis, old, weak-minded, and superstitious, was frightened by the bigotry of Madame de Maintenon into measures of persecution of which he would never otherwise have thought. Nothing can be more erroneous than every portion of this prevailing conception.

The King had been brought up by his mother, Anne of Austria, in the strictest notions of Spanish orthodoxy. He was punctilious in the performance of the rites of the church, "and would never fail," says Madame de Maintenon, "to observe a fast, but he could not comprehend that it was necessary to repent, and to love God instead of to fear him." She mentioned, as an additional trait of his character, that he thought he expiated his own faults

by being inexorable on those of others, which agrees with the description of Saint-Simon—that he believed himself an apostle because he persecuted the Jansenists. Not only did he look upon Protestantism as heretical, but he also regarded it as an act of rebellion against authority, offending equally his monarchical and his religious notions. Urged by this double motive, he was barely twenty-four when he began to sanction numerous laws and measures for the restriction of the privileges which had been granted to the Huguenots. In 1662, an *Arrêt du Conseil* was issued, forbidding the burial of any person of the reformed religion, except at nightfall or daybreak. This was followed, up to the year 1671, by a variety of *arrêts*, prohibiting artisans from belonging to corporations unless converted; Protestant tradespeople from having apprentices; schoolmasters from teaching children anything beyond the first rudiments of knowledge; and ordaining that not more than twelve persons should meet together for the purposes of worship.

In 1665 the report was for the first time circulated that the *Edict of Nantes* was to be revoked. On the 3d of March of this year, Guy Patin, in a letter, expresses himself thus:—"It is said that, to destroy the Huguenots, the King is about to abolish the *Edit de Nantes*;" and a confirmation of this assertion is found in a memorial presented a century later to Louis XVI. by M. de Breteuil, in which he says—"I have perused all the documents concerning them (the Protestants), from the first project presented in 1669 for the Repeal of the *Edict of Nantes*, down to the Declaration of 1724." For some years a sort of lull may be noticed in the active measures of the Government, and religious controversy occupies the place of harsher tendencies; but after the peace of Nymwegen, in 1678, the desire for Catholic unity again manifests itself with every mark of persistence and strong resolve. In 1679 the law was promulgated which condemned to banishment and confiscation of property every converted Catholic who returned to the reformed tenets; and in the same year the mixed parliaments were suppressed. From 1679 to the close of 1680 numerous stringent measures were adopted, a few of which we will specify: 10th October, 1679, destruction of the Protestant church of St. Hyppolytus, and of several places of worship, under pretence of *contravention* to the law; 20th February, 1679, order that no Huguenot woman should exercise the profession of a midwife; 11th April, 1679, no tax-gatherer to be other than a Catholic; 18th November, 1680, a measure whereby every Catholic should have three years allowed him for the payment of his debts; statutes enacting that no Protestant minister should preach outside his own doors on the

days when the bishop made his pastoral visit in any town or village; that no Catholic should, under pain of exile, become a Protestant, or marry a Protestant wife; that magistrates should be empowered to enter the dwellings of all who professed the reformed faith at the hour of death, and ascertain whether they were not willing to be converted to the Romish creed. More than twenty prohibitive edicts were issued between 1680 and 1684, whereby it was decreed, amongst other things, that no Huguenot should be a lawyer, doctor, apothecary, printer, or grocer. The manifest effect of these provisions was to close door after door against Protestantism, until the little that survived these rigorous enactments might be safely excluded the kingdom. The *Revocation*, when we examine all that preceded it, is thus nothing more than the inevitable supplement of what had been in progress for years. Now, whilst undertaking this indefatigable war against the Protestants, Louis XIV., who was only forty-two in 1680, was neither old nor devoted to Madame de Maintenon. He could require no persuasion to continue measures which he had long carried on of his own accord, and which were entirely in harmony with his natural temperament. He had the further motive to this course, that great as is the odium which now attaches to the *Revocation* of the *Edict of Nantes*, it was then an eminently popular measure in France. Madame de Sévigné, Bussy-Rabutin, Mlle. de Scudery, La Fontaine, Arnauld, La Bruyère—every writer of the day, Saint-Simon excepted—applauds the suicidal step. The lower orders were as much more delighted than the instructed, as they were more ignorant and bigoted. Madame de Maintenon was carried along in the outermost and gentler currents of the vortex; but she was so far from creating it, that all her natural tendencies were to tolerance and persuasion.

"I have received," she says, in a letter to her brother, Charles d'Aubigné, "complaints against you which do not do you honor. You ill-treat the Huguenots, and seek the means and provoke the opportunities of doing so. That is not the conduct of a gentleman. Take pity on persons more unhappy than blamable; they are at this moment plunged in an error we were plunged in ourselves, and which no violence would ever have induced us to renounce. Henri IV. held the same faith, as well as many other great princes: do not, therefore, torment them. Men must be allured by gentleness and charity. We have our example in Jesus Christ, and I assure you these are the intentions of the King. Your business is to obey: that of making converts belongs to the bishops and priests, who must labor by instruction and by example. Neither God nor the King has given any souls into your keeping; therefore sanctify your own, and be severe for yourself alone!"



The King sometimes reproached her with her want of zeal, and endeavored in vain to induce her to send away her Huguenot servants : —

"I had several," she says, in one of her *Entretiens* at St. Cyr, "and I tried by the most effectual methods I could devise to lead them back into the right road, but I never hurried them to abjure their error. On the contrary, I often proposed to them that they should attend the sermons of their ministers. The King wanted me to force them back into the bosom of the church; but I always answered, 'Leave me free upon that point. I know what I am about; pray let me be the mistress of my servants.' My conduct has hitherto been crowned with success."

It was represented to the King that having been originally a Calvinist, she retained much of the old leaven. He imbibed the idea, and said to her: "I fear that the leniency you recommend to be shown to the Huguenots is prompted by some remains of attachment to your old religion." This, she states, compelled her to approve of much which inwardly she condemned. She professed that she groaned over the hardships inflicted on the reformers, but that if she intimated the least dissent she was accused of being a Protestant, and all the good she might be able to accomplish would be effectually stopped. It is here that we catch sight of the other side of the picture. Inflexible in many of her principles of right and wrong, her ardent desire to stand well with everybody, and especially with the King, made her pliant and temporizing. When Louis XIV. persevered in frowning upon her friends or her opinions, she usually ended by adopting his views. Thus her continual declarations that "the Protestants should be converted but not persecuted," did not prevent her from applauding, and cordially seconding, one of the most odious of the tyrannical measures in vogue — the carrying off children from their mothers to train them up in the Catholic religion. She herself got her relation, the Marquis de Villette, despatched upon a long sea-voyage, that she might wean his sons and daughter in his absence from the faith of their father. The daughter, afterwards Madame de Caylus, relates that she was won by the promise that she should never be whipped, and that she should go every day to the Royal Chapel to mass, which she thought a beautiful spectacle. The treachery by which Madame de Maintenon possessed herself of the girl, and the motives by which she induced her to change her religion, are worthy of each other. The Marquis was indignant on his return; but in vain he demanded that his children should be restored to him. He ended by becoming a Catholic himself; and when the King spoke to him of his conversion, "he answered

too dryly," says Madame de Caylus, "that it was the only occasion of his life in which it had not been his object to please his Majesty." To us it seems that he answered like a consummate courtier: "I do not ask you," the King used to say to the Protestants about him, "to abandon your faith, but for the love of me hear those that preach the Catholic truth." "It was rarely the case," remarks Madame de Maintenon, with wonderful *naïveté*, "that they were not convinced." The Marquis de Villette had sense enough to know that if the constraining power was in the request of the King, it was necessary to ascribe the conquest to the force of Catholic truth.

In the mean time, indefatigable as was Louis XIV. in putting down schism, he did not improve much in personal piety. Ten years after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Madame de Maintenon gives this account, in a letter to the Cardinal de Noailles (1695), of the little progress she had made in the grand undertaking of her life : —

"I have so great a desire to describe to you the *enigmatical man* whom Divine Providence has, I believe, entrusted to our care, that I always forget a thousand details. To give the name of "*conversation*" to what passed between the King and me would be to *miscall* it entirely, for I could not extract from him a single word. I related to him something touching Saint Augustine, to which he listened with apparent pleasure. Upon that I distinctly told him I marvelled that he never wished we should read together works which whilst they instructed would interest him; I said it was a duty, but that probably the Père la Chaise (the King's confessor) was opposed to it. His answer was, "I never speak to him of it; on the contrary, he proposes it to me." I rejoined that I was the more astonished, as I had once seen him desirous of reading some passages of M. de Fénelon with me, and, after a prayer offered up together, had known him sufficiently impressed to make a general confession, but that, in four-and-twenty hours, all was over, and I had not since heard a word of religion from his lips. The only reason he vouchsafed me was this: "I am not of a persistent disposition" (*je ne suis pas un homme de suite*), meaning that his taste did not lead him to do the same thing long. The King, as you know, never says what is not true, therefore it certainly is *not* the Père la Chaise who dissuades him from the pious intercourse and community of prayer that I desire to have with him, and for which, indeed, I consented to give myself to him. But that being the case, what are we to conclude? I can imagine no other influence. Remains then the fact that the King is afraid lest I should speak to him of his duty, and that he flies the light! If that is really so, what a misfortune!"

It is a remarkable instance of the kingly pride in which he had been nurtured, and of the difficulty he found in comprehending the barest rudiments of religion, that Madame de

Maintenon states that he was shocked to be told that Jesus Christ spoke the language of the humble and the poor.

Of the general influence of Madame de Maintenon with the King, and the mode in which she exercised it, the Duke de Saint-Simon has drawn a vivid picture. Louis XIV. dreaded the imputation of being governed, and against no one was he more on his guard than his wife, just because she was commonly suspected of governing him. If any of his ministers appeared to favor her dependents, the jealousy of the monarch was immediately alarmed, and he would say sarcastically, "Such a one is a good courtier, it is no fault of his that he has not served such another, on account of his being the relation or friend of Madame de Maintenon." These rebuffs, Saint-Simon avers, rendered her extremely cautious and timid. Whatever requests were made to her, she affected never to interfere in public affairs or to ask any favor, but she did not the less obtain by craft what would have been denied to plain-dealing. She and the ministers entered into a league to support each other and to outwit the King. If she met with an inflexible and rebellious functionary, she had the art of gradually undermining his credit until a more supple instrument was appointed in his stead. The King transacted much of his business in her apartment, but she read or worked, appeared to take no interest in the proceedings, and rarely uttered a word. Her reliance was on the minister, with whom she had previously concerted everything. He showed the sovereign the list of candidates for places, and, if Louis did not select the person they wished, the minister would call his attention to other names, dwell on the advantages or disadvantages of each, perplex his mind with contending considerations, and drive him in his embarrassment to appeal to Madame de Maintenon. She in turn would plead incapacity, would commend first one and then another, and would at last contrive with an elaborate show of impartiality to give the preference to her adopted candidate. By these and similar artifices she disposed of nearly the whole of the preferment in France—"had men, affairs, justice, favors, religion, all without exception in her hands, and the King and the state her victims."

Such is the account of Saint-Simon, a writer as caustic as graphic, and who, being a great idolater of rank and long descent, was especially envenomed against the widow of Scarron for having presumed to marry Louis XIV. Such elaborate hypocrisy, such sustained deceit, is opposed to all the actions, professions, and writings of Madame de Maintenon, and every person who has studied her history in recent times has arrived at the conclusion that

the narrative is inspired by malice and prejudice. There is every appearance that she spoke the truth when she declared that she had neither aptitude nor liking for state affairs, and that even had it been otherwise, her direct interference was too much resented to permit her to do more than influence her husband through general maxims. That she may sometimes have solicited the interposition of the minister is extremely probable; the rest is the inference of an enemy who interprets her conduct by the evil dispositions he is persuaded she possessed. Of all the lessons she impressed on the pupils at Saint-Cyr, there was none upon which she dwelt more emphatically than the duty "of simplicity, or that of being sincere, frank, and the enemy of the least duplicity." This was urged so frequently, that she complained at last that it had grown to be a jest among the girls, who would say, "Out of simplicity I take the best place, out of simplicity I praise myself."

She was no hypocrite in anything. Her master foible was of another kind. From first to last she rises superior to all pretence, and strives invariably to be, not to seem to be, praiseworthy; but at the same time she would have been dissatisfied that what she was should have remained unknown. Vanity, as we have seen, was the ruling principle of her conduct; and much of the merit, and nearly all the pleasure of virtue, would have been lost in her estimation, if it had not been accompanied by renown. Most writers have vaunted her piety; her writings, her conversation, her practice, were a perpetual testimony to it, and her notions upon the subject were excellent in the main; but though we believe her to have been a good Christian, and to have tried sincerely to make herself a better one every day, it is in the intense and incessant desire to secure "golden opinions," and not in religion, that the *mobile* of her conduct will be found. She flattered herself that the wish to please men had been supplanted by the determination to think of nothing except pleasing God. Yet it is easy to be self-deceived as to motives, and her original frailty is for ever peeping out. "You delight," said Fénelon, "to support your prosperity with moderation, from a feeling of blamable vainglory, and because you like to show that by your character you rise superior even to your position." Her cousin Madam de Villette expressed sharply the same truth: "You are determined to be renowned for your unparalleled moderation, and you make your family the victims of your passion for praise." Her brother, Charles d'Aubigné, was a case in point. He applied to her again and again for preferment, honors, or money; and though she at length obtained him a gratuity, she was careful to impress upon him what pain it had cost her to make

the request. She herself was indifferent to such things, but it was because her passion for praise was stronger than her passion for wealth. "I despised riches," she observed of her earlier days, and it was equally true of her later; "I was elevated a thousand miles above considerations of interest; I wanted honor only." The craving for the homage which disinterestedness brings made it a necessity to divulge her acts of self-denial. "You will scold me," she remarked to Mlle. d'Aumale, as they drove to St. Cyr, "and say I am very wrong! Yesterday I might have had a hundred thousand francs a year, for the King spoke to me upon my position, and in a most pressing manner." "Well, Madame, and what did you do?" "Nothing," replied Madame de Maintenon. "I told the King not to trouble himself about me. If I had chosen, it is certain he would have contrived to benefit me largely; but in so doing he would have annoyed and tormented himself, and that is not my business about him." In the same spirit, when in 1684 she had declined what was thought a very dignified office, she asked her niece, Madame de Caylus, who was then a little girl, "Would you rather be the niece of Madame la Dauphine's *dame d'honneur* than the niece of the person *who refuses to be so*?" "I replied without hesitating," says Madame de Caylus, "that she who refused seemed to me infinitely superior to her who should accept. Madame de Maintenon, charmed with my reply, embraced me tenderly." She has well said of herself that she did right actions from a wrong motive, and that all her other passions were sacrificed to this hunger for esteem.

"Who knows," said one day this "admirer of all admirers," to whom incense was the breath of life, "whether I am not punished by the excess of my prosperity? Who knows whether, rightly interpreted, the language of Providence to me is not this: 'You have desired praise and glory—you shall have them to satiety.' Weariness both physical and mental spread itself over her existence like a pall. "Before I came to the Court," she said, "at thirty-two, I had never known what ennui was, but I have tasted enough of it since, and believe it would be insupportable if I did not believe that it was the will of God." Being in the place of a queen, she complained that she had not the liberty of a petty tradesman, and the description she has left of her ordinary existence at Versailles is a pitiable picture of

"Greetings where no kindness is, and all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life."

"I must take for my prayers and for mass the time when every one else is asleep, because, when

once they have begun to visit me, I have no longer an instant to myself. M. Maréchal, the King's surgeon, comes at half-past seven; then M. Fagon, who is followed by M. Blouin, governor of Versailles, or of some one who sends to inquire how I am; then M. Chamillard, or some minister—the archbishop—a general who is going to the army—and a number of others in succession, who only leave me when the arrival of their superiors obliges them to withdraw. When the King enters, they must all go: he remains with me until he goes to mass. Observe that I am still in my night-dress; for, had I dressed myself, I should not have had time to say my prayers. My chamber is like a church—the comings and goings are perpetual. The King returns after mass; then comes the Duchess of Bourgogne, with her ladies, who remain while I dine. I am not then without anxiety, because I am watching to see if the Duchess behaves well to her husband when he is there, or that she does nothing unseemly. I endeavor to make her say something obliging to this person and that; conversation must be kept up, and the company must be blended together. If an indiscreet word is spoken, I feel deeply for those whom it concerns, and I am uneasy as to how the observations of certain persons will be taken. In short, it is a stretch of mind that nothing can equal. The whole circle is round me, and I cannot even ask for drink. I say to them sometimes, "You do me much honor; but I want a servant." Upon this all hasten to wait upon me, which is another species of embarrassment and importunity. At last they all go to dinner, and I should then be at liberty, if the Dauphin, who often dines early, to go out hunting, did not take this opportunity to visit me. He is very difficult to talk to; as he says but little, I am obliged to furnish the conversation, and pay, as they say, in my own person. As soon as the King has dined, he comes back to my room with all the royal family, princes and princesses, and amuses himself there for half an hour; then he departs and the rest remain. I must still carry on the conversation, while my mind is full of cares as to what is passing at the army, where thousands are perishing, sometimes in the siege of a town, sometimes in a battle, and the mass of bad news which arrives every day on that and a thousand other matters puts a load upon my heart which weighs me down, and which I must conceal beneath a gay and smiling air. When the assembly breaks up, some ladies have always to speak to me in private, and take me into my little chamber to tell me their sorrows; and this is done as much by those who do not like me, as by those who do. I am expected to serve them, and speak for them to the King. The Duchess de Bourgogne, also, often desires to converse with me *tête-à-tête*, so that God permits that the old lady should become the object of attention to every one. They all address themselves to me; they wish everything to pass through me, and He does me the service never to permit me to see my condition under its dazzling, but always under its painful aspect. When the King returns from hunting, he comes to me; the door is shut and no one is admitted. Then I must share his cares and se-

cret distresses, which are not few in number. Some minister arrives who often brings bad news; the King sets to work, and if my presence is not wanted at the consultation, which is rare, I retire to a little distance, when I commonly say my prayers, for fear of not finding any other time. I sup while the King is still writing; but I am anxious, whether he is alone or not. I am under constraint, as you see, from six o'clock in the morning, and am very weary. The King sometimes perceives it and says, "You are worn out, Madame—are you not? Go to bed." I do so; my women come to me, but I see that they constrain the King, who puts a check upon himself not to talk while they are present; or there is still some minister, and he is afraid that the conversation will be heard, insomuch that I make such haste that I am frequently inconvenienced by it. At last I am in my bed—I dismiss my women—the King comes to my bedside and remains until he goes to supper; and a quarter of an hour before supper the Dauphin and Duchess de Bourgogne arrive. At ten, or a quarter past, everybody is gone: then I am alone, but the fatigues of the day often prevent my sleeping."

Mlle. d'Aumale, who lived with her at Court, states that she often exclaimed with a sigh as her curtains were drawn, 'I can say nothing more than that I am utterly exhausted.' It is evident, however, from her own narrative of her day, that all the weariness she felt was not inherent in the situation, and that much of it grew out of the laborious effort to please everybody, instead of allowing to herself and others a little of that careless freedom which is the charm of society. The real part she played at Court, and which she had chosen for herself, is here disclosed; but to a woman of intelligence these days of tedious ceremonials, in which the mind was always being exerted without ever being interested, must at best have been vanity and vexation. A number of minute annoyances increased the discomfort. The King was inordinately selfish in his personal habits, and made everything bend to his will. However ill she might be, she had to accompany him in his journeys, and she went once to Fontainebleau when she was in a state that made it doubtful whether she would not die on the road. If she had headache, fever, or any other malady, her ears were still stunned with music, and a hundred lights flared in her eyes. She dreaded air, and the King could never have too much of it. He would come into her chamber when she was ill, and in a profuse perspiration from the remedies she had taken, and throw open all the windows in spite of the rawness of the night. His notions of good taste were another cause of this exposure. 'He thinks of nothing,' she wrote, 'except grandeur, magnificence, and symmetry. He prefers to endure all the draughts from the doors, in order that they may be opposite one another. At Fontainebleau I have

a beautiful apartment, which is equally exposed to heat and cold, having a window the size of the largest arcade, without sash or shutters, because they would be an offence against symmetry. Do not suppose that I can put a screen before my great window; you must not arrange your room as you like, when the King visits it every day, but you must perish in symmetry.'

Lous XIV. died on the first of September, 1715. For thirty years, dating only from her marriage, had Madame de Maintenon led this dreary existence. The gloom deepened with time, the task became more arduous with age. The latter half of the long reign of the King was as disastrous as the former had been prosperous. His armies were routed, his finances were disordered, and, at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, a famine came to aggravate the distress. He showed a brave front in the midst of his perils, and the insolent pride of his earlier years was turned to dignified self-possession; but, business transacted, his only resources were fêtes, journeys, and all the frivolities which lose their zest with time and sorrow, and upon the 'old lady' devolved the burthen of entertaining him. 'What a punishment,' she exclaimed, 'to have to amuse a man who is no longer amusable!' 'I have seen her,' says Mlle. d'Aumale, 'weary, sad, and sick, divert the King by a thousand inventions for four hours together without repetition, yawning or slander.' But the interview over, she sunk exhausted with the effort.

When the King was seized with his mortal sickness Madame de Maintenon was eighty years old. Still she watched at his dying bed, and continued her religious exhortations. He three times bid her farewell.

"The first occasion," she said, "he told me that his only regret was to leave me, but that we should shortly meet again. I begged him to think of nothing except God. The second time he asked my pardon for not having lived as kindly as he ought with me, that he had not made me happy, but that he had always loved and esteemed me. He wept, and asked if any one was present. I answered "No;" and he said, "If it was known that I was thus moved on your account, no one would be surprised." I went away for fear of doing him harm. The third time he said, "What will become of you? for you have nothing." I answered, "I am nothing; think only of God," and left him. When I had gone two steps I thought, in the uncertainty of the treatment I should receive from the Princes, that I ought to ask him to beg the Duke of Orleans to have some consideration for me. He did it in the way in which the Prince stated on the spot. "My nephew, I recommend Madame de Maintenon to you; you know the consideration and esteem I have had for her; she has given me good advice; I should have done well to follow it; she has been useful to me in everything,



but, above all, for my salvation. Do everything she asks you for her relations, her friends, her allies; she will not abuse the privilege. Let her address herself directly to you for everything she wants."

With all her opportunities she had amassed no money. She gave as fast as she received; and in the brevet of the pension of 48,000 livres a year, which was granted her by the Regent Orleans, it is stated 'that it was rendered necessary by her rare disinterestedness.

About the time of her marriage with the King she induced him to found at Saint-Cyr, a village in the neighborhood of Versailles, an establishment for the education of the daughters of the poor nobility. This princely institution, which contained 250 girls, was the delight of her sombre life. There were few days that she did not visit it, and all her leisure hours were spent in assisting in the management of the house, and the instruction of the governesses and the pupils. Here she had all that homage and honor for which she panted without their attendant inconvenience. When Louis became insensible, she immediately withdrew to this sanctuary. On the news of his death arriving at Saint-Cyr, one of the ladies announced it to her by saying, 'Madam, all the house is at prayers in the choir;' the widow raised her hands to heaven, and, weeping, went to join the congregation. In a letter, dated from her retreat, ten days after her husband had expired, she says, 'I have seen the King die like a saint and a hero; I have quitted the world which I disliked; I am in the most agreeable retirement I can desire.' The want of tenderness which she seems to have

inherited from her mother, and which, with all her amiability, was a marked trait in her character, is conspicuous in the scene with the dying King, where his tears, his affectionate speeches, and his acknowledgment of his errors towards her, are only answered by the cold and laconic admonition to think of nothing but God. Her premature departure before the scene had closed has been much condemned, and it must be considered a proof that there was no sentiment of the heart to retain her the moment her duty was discharged. The same unimpassioned temperament is apparent in her letter. The 'saint and hero,' the 'grand monarque,' the husband of thirty years, is less to her ten days after his death than the feeling that at length she is released from her bondage, and breathes freely at Saint-Cyr. But it is late to begin to enjoy oneself at eighty years of age, and other cares pursued her in her retreat, and disturbed her peace.

On the 10th of June, 1717, she was visited by Peter the Great, who had expressed a desire to see her. He sat down by her bed-side, and asked her if she was ill. On her answering 'Yes,' he inquired what was her malady, and she replied, 'Extreme old age.' He had the curtain drawn back that he might get a view of her face, and, having nothing more momentous to say to the widow of Louis XIV., who had lived so long and strange a life, and witnessed so many and such interesting events, he immediately withdrew. The malady of old age is one of which the symptoms make daily progress, and on the 15th of August, 1719, having arrived at its height, she calmly breathed her last.

#### ANTIQUITY OF SWIMMING-BELTS.

Those who hold that, literally, "there is nothing new under the sun," will see more than a fanciful parallel between a well-known passage in the *Odyssey*, and the following incident in the late wreck of the mail steamer "Forerunner." Captain Kennedy, one of the passengers in that ship, thus modestly related to the Court of Inquiry an heroic act of his own, which is well worthy of record:—

"Remembering that there was a sick gentleman, a merchant captain, Mr. Gregory, who was below, I went to inform him of our danger. This gentleman had previously informed me that if any accident ever occurred he would certainly be drowned, as he could not swim. I remembered this at the moment, and as I had a swimming-belt in my cabin, I immediately rushed down to my cabin for the purpose of getting it. I gave it to Mr. Gregory, I inflated it for him, and put it round him, for he did not understand

how to use it. I then left Mr. Gregory to shift for himself" etc.—*The Times*, Nov. 21, 1854.

In the fifth book of the *Odyssey* we read the beautiful passage, which forms the subject of one of Flaxman's graceful illustrations, of the sea-nymph Leucothoe bringing to Ulysses, tempest-tost upon his raft, a magic zone, which, bound around his breast, enables him to swim to land. I will not trouble unlearned readers with the Greek; Cowper's translation is,—

"Take this: this ribband bind beneath thy breast,

Celestial texture: thenceforth every fear of death dismiss," etc.

The Greek word is *κρόδευρον*, variously rendered in English zone, girdle, ribband, cincture.

Without going so far as to believe that all new arts and inventions are but lost ones revived, I think it not improbable that the swimming-belt, inflated with air, may have been known in ante-Homeric times, and the tradition of it thus preserved.—*Notes and Queries*.

From the Quarterly Review.

1.—*La Vérité sur l'Empereur Nicolas Histoire intime de sa Vie et de son Règne.* Par un Russe. Paris, 1854.

2.—*Le Tsar Nicolas et la Sainte Russie.* Par Ach. Gallet de Kulture. Paris, 1855.

"THE Emperor Nicholas died to-day at twenty minutes past noon." Such is the news which the electric telegraph conveyed on the 2nd of March to all the capitals of Europe. Arriving suddenly, and without any explanation relative to the disease which preceded his death, the intelligence gave rise to the inevitable suspicions which were suggested by the fate of several of the predecessors of the Czar. But it soon became known that the proud and powerful autocrat who was removed at such a critical moment had in truth died, like a common citizen, of a neglected cold. It would be at present impossible to delineate in its full proportions the life of a sovereign whose reign has been filled with such important events; but we may sketch the general features of his character, and record such details of his last moments as we have reason to believe authentic.

A multitude of works have appeared since the outbreak of the war on both the Czar and his kingdom; but, with few exceptions, they have been the productions of extravagant panegyrists, angry detractors, or hasty and ignorant compilers. Nothing is gained either among nations or individuals by calumniating those with whom we chance to be at enmity; and there is as little wisdom in assuming that there is only a single system in politics—our own—which can give stability to a government. The Emperor Nicholas himself fell into the mistake. After the events of 1848, which had shaken or overturned all the other thrones of the Continent, he falsely imagined that a military despotism could alone be fixed on an immovable basis; and seeing himself the autocrat of a boundless empire, he imagined he could be equally the arbiter of Europe. From the intoxicating pride which was engendered on this occasion—the belief in the weakness of surrounding nations, and in the might of Russia—it is probable that the projects proceeded which have resulted in putting his dreams to the test of war. On the other hand, we should have avoided at least some of our difficulties if we had despised less that autocratic rule, which, sacrificing everything to a single end—the support of military power—is found armed at every point against the attacks of nations who erroneously thought that they could organize armies in a day.

The Emperor Nicholas, who was nineteen years younger than his brother, Alexander I., was born on the 6th of July, 1796. On the 13th of July, 1817, he married the Princess Louise Charlotte, daughter of Frederic William III. of Prussia, and sister of the present king. According to the Russian usage, she changed her name on her marriage, and took that of Alexandra Feodorowna. On the 29th of April, in the following year, she gave birth to the Prince, who, under the name of Alexander II., has just ascended the throne. Her accouchement was not without

danger; and the Emperor Nicholas, then Grand Duke, wrote a letter on the occasion to Augustin, the metropolitan bishop of Moscow, in which the joy of the happy father, and of the husband relieved from apprehension, are beautifully allied with the liveliest sentiments of religion:—

"Most Holy Prelate,—I have seen with the fear of a weak mortal, but with the hope of a faithful Christian, the most decisive moment of my life approach. Uncertain of what Providence had reserved for me, I had strengthened my soul by a religious vow, and I awaited with resignation the will of God.

"It has pleased Divine Providence to make me taste the happiness of being a father; He has deigned to preserve both the mother and the son. The expression of gratitude, which is not necessary to Him who searches the heart, becomes indispensable for a heart which is penetrated with it.

"The vow, which I shall be eager to fulfil, is to erect a chapel to the honor of Alexander Newski in the Church of the New Jerusalem. It is the humble offering of a happy father, who confides to the Almighty his most precious good, the destiny of his wife and of his son.

"Your Eminence will be my aid and my guide in the accomplishment of a vow so dear to my heart. May fervent prayers for the mother and the son be addressed to Heaven at the foot of that altar raised by the gratitude of a father! May the Almighty prolong their days for the happiness and service of the Sovereign, for the honor and good of their country!"

The princess who inspired him with such tender fears never ceased to exercise a salutary influence. Although his attentions are said to have been profusely bestowed upon other women, the esteem and admiration of the husband remained her undivided possession. On all occasions of importance their affection was conspicuous. When the military insurrection broke out in St. Petersburg after the death of Alexander, the new Czar repaired with his wife to the chapel of the palace before putting himself at the head of the regiment of Horse Guards to give battle to the insurgents in Isaac-square, and joined in prayer with her for the safety of the empire. While the engagement lasted, the Empress, who could hear the incessant discharges of cannon, remained prostrate, imploring heaven for the preservation of her husband, who, when victory had declared itself, returned to throw himself into her arms and offer up thanks with her on his knees for his complete success. This desire to be together in trying conjunctures, which is one of the most certain signs of attachment, was manifested anew during the last two years. In spite of a disease of the lungs, which for several seasons past has forced her to exchange the rigorous winter of St. Petersburg for some milder climate, the Empress would not leave her husband alone in his trials, and to this affectionate resolve he owed the consolation of having by his death-bed the companion of his life. In former days, when she was absent for her health, the Emperor has posted through Europe to surprise her in her winter quarters. Ten years ago she

had a country-house at the gates of Palermo, and the door of her chamber being opened one morning with an unusual noise, the Czar entered, having travelled incognito from Russia for the mere gratification of the interview. We recall these circumstances because it has latterly been supposed that the despot whose will was law, and who, out of the millions of his subjects, made every man tremble against whom he turned his indignation, was a sort of ogre in his household whom no one approached without trepidation. Not only was he affectionate to his family, but he was a kind master to his domestics, who were, it is needless to add, warmly attached to him. Loving theatrical trappings and pomp in public, where his principal aim was to produce an effect, his private habits were simple and primitive.

Ambition and vanity apart, the life of an autocrat, who is master of a great empire, and who is obliged to communicate motion to the complicated machine of the state by the activity of his mind and the energy of his will, is immensely more laborious than that of a constitutional prince who governs through his ministers. It is difficult, indeed, to comprehend how any man can endure, whatever may be his physical, moral, and intellectual powers, the excess of labor which, in Russia, devolves upon the sovereign. At once the dictator and sole responsible agent throughout the whole extent of his empire, the Emperor Nicholas was continually in motion. He was incessantly compelled to visit the remotest points of his dominions to inspect his armies, his fleets, and his fortresses; to cause roads to be made or canals to be cut; and to ascertain if the orders he had given were executed—a thing very difficult to secure in a country where official corruption and venality are all but universal. Nearly every one tries to gain the imperial favor by false demonstrations of probity and zeal, and every one tries equally to derive the utmost possible advantage from his post. The Czar was determined to play his overwhelming part with high distinction, according to the national idea, which dates at least from Peter the Great, and perhaps beyond; and the events of his reign bear testimony to his grasping ambition and untiring activity. The war with Persia in 1826, and with Turkey in 1828, advanced the southward frontiers of the empire, and added large provinces in Asia to his overgrown states. The conflict with Poland in 1831 strengthened his authority at home, which, for a short period, had been shaken; while the recent occupation of Hungary was designed to re-establish in Germany the ascendancy which he had momentarily lost by the commotions of 1848. The diplomatist-in-chief of his country, as well as the organizer and supreme director of its enormous armies, he never ceased, during the thirty years of his reign, at every revolution which agitated Europe, to maintain the cause of legitimacy. For eighteen years he carried on with Louis Philippe a noiseless but incessant struggle, which in some shape or other would have broken out into action if the good sense of the other Governments of Europe had not put a bridle upon this giant of the north. It is but

too well known with what infinite art Muscovite diplomacy, assuming all masks and taking all tones, has succeeded in paralyzing during the present crisis a great part of Germany, and in arresting hitherto the motions of Austria, always announced and always delayed. Though this restless interference and wily tact may be national, it was personified in Nicholas, who, with unwearied tenacity, and prodigious activity, directed the moves and dictated the despatches.

The same strong will made itself felt in every department of the government. It is to Nicholas that Russia owes the code of her laws, which appeared in 1832 in fifteen volumes, 4to., and was enlarged by a supplement of sixteen volumes in 1851. Notwithstanding its faults, and the irremediable defect inherent in the constitution of the country, which makes all law subordinate to the will of the Czar, it is a vast boon to a people who were previously only possessed of a few rude enactments, and a sort of preamble, digested by Catherine with the aid of the most distinguished of the French encyclopedists, Voltaire, Diderot, and D'Alembert, who cried it up throughout Europe as a marvel, while it was scarcely mentioned in Russia.

To add to the material prosperity of his dominions was another constant object of the Emperor's care. To enlarge his fleets, to multiply his ports and means of maritime commerce, to improve the communication between every portion of his states, to establish railroads and the rapid conveyance of intelligence, inasmuch that our news from the Crimea has always come to us more quickly through St. Petersburg than by the direct route; to secure new outlets for Russian products by treaties with China, the Mohammedan powers of Asia, the states of Germany, and even with America,—such are a part, and only a part, of the results which Nicholas secured. If we consider that while he was carrying on these vast and varied schemes he had to apply himself unceasingly to preserve the balance between the two great parties of the empire—the old Russian and the German; that it was to him the peasants and serfs resorted to get their wrongs redressed;\* that it was he who nominated to all civil and military functions throughout the entire extent of his territories; that to him alone the Russian nobles had to address themselves to obtain a foreign passport, of which he himself determined the duration; that it was he who settled the manner in which a poor prisoner was to be conducted to Siberia, and who sometimes (it is said) had the severity to add with his own hand to a sentence of transportation the words *on foot*; that when he applied himself to the question of public instruction, he went so far as to regulate the length of the rod with which the children were to be chastised,—when we recollect that he who descended to these and a thousand other minutiae in the cabinet, passed a considerable portion of his day abroad reviewing his soldiers; that he was always the first on the spot if a fire of any importance broke out; that he used to be seen in winter in the streets of St. Petersburg su-

\* It is they who, in consequence, have given him the name of *Gadusar*, or Great Judge.

perintending the breaking of the long pendent icicles which, to the great danger of the passers-by, are frequently detached from the roofs; when we contemplate the immensity of these multifarious occupations, it is impossible not to feel a sort of vertigo at the frightful ambition which condemns an emperor of Russia to greater fatigue than is imposed in any country in the world upon the worst convict who expiates his crimes by bodily toil.

Yet all we have enumerated was not sufficient to exhaust a diligence so absorbing. Unlike his brother Constantine, who used to say that *learning to read made people stupid*, Nicholas had applied himself with perseverance and success to the cultivation of his mind. He was possessed of various information, and had read much. Music, mathematics, and military architecture had been his favorite studies, and he had even paid attention to theology, a pursuit which was not without its political use to a sovereign who was the lay pontiff of his country. He is said to have assisted the Russian poet Nestor Kukulnik in the composition of some of his pieces, and to have condescended to aid in the construction of ballets. It is at least certain that he was passionately fond of dramatic entertainments, and constantly made his appearance behind the scenes. The Comte de Villemar, a French Legitimist who has lately published some particulars respecting the Czar, relates an anecdote connected with his theatrical propensities which affords a lively illustration of one of the foibles of his character.

"The frequenters of the Vaudeville at Paris, when it was in the Rue de Chartres, can doubtless still remember an actress remarkable for her corpulency, her animation, and her piquancy—Madame Bras, who left Paris to seek her fortune in Russia, where she was well received, particularly by the royal family. The Emperor Nicholas I. was fond of visiting the actors in the green-room during the play, and used to thee-and-thou the women. On entering one evening the women's green-room, he found Madame Bras alone. A slight malicious smile as he entered played over her lips. The Emperor remarked it, and said, 'Bras, what made thee laugh on my coming in?' 'A feminine folly, Sir,' she replied, 'which passed through my mind, and which I beseech your Majesty to excuse me from communicating, though I protest there was nothing in it to offend your Majesty, whom I respect as I ought.' 'I believe it,' replied the Emperor, with his usual dignity, 'which is the reason why I want to know the cause of your laugh.' 'Sir,' answered Madame Bras, 'since you order it I will confess that, as I saw your Majesty come in, I could not help saying to myself that your person is devilishly well adapted to your line of characters' (*quelle a diablement le physique de son emploi*). Though the compliment savored a little of the vulgar player, it infinitely flattered the Emperor, who laughed at it with the affability which was habitual to him when conversing with the French actresses; and on the following day he sent a beautiful pair of diamond bracelets to the vivacious truant from the theatre of the Rue de Chartres."

It may readily be imagined that the man who attached such importance to the effect produced by his physical advantages in the eyes of spectators must have thought still more of the opinion entertained of his power, his character, and the resources of his mind. Accordingly it is stated that he had formed a collection of all the works and pamphlets, and even of the numberless newspaper articles published in all languages in every quarter of the globe, in which he was spoken of either favorably or the reverse. This curious collection consisted at his death of several hundreds of volumes and portfolios. The princes of the Medici family, who reigned for near two centuries in Tuscany, had the same habit. They used every method, including even assassination, to get possession of manuscript works in which their history was traced; and though the narrative was rarely favorable to them, the whole collection was religiously preserved in their secret archives, where it may be seen at this day. Among them is a packet sealed with the seal of Cardinal Hippolytus de' Medici, nephew of Leo X., and the tasteful translator of the second book of Virgil's 'Æneid,' and bearing this endorsement in his own handwriting,—'Beard torn by me from the muzzle of that dog of a traitor Jean Luc Orsino in the Pope's ante-chamber.' All Tartars are not born in the north of Asia. Among the numerous recorded anecdotes of the violence of temper displayed by the Emperor Nicholas there is nothing to equal this.

Endowed with such rare qualities, the late Czar must be admitted to have been an extraordinary man. But in spite of all that his followers could say or do to satiate his extravagant vanity, and gratify the boundless pride which possessed him in the latter years of his life, posterity will never place him among the great men to whom they were pleased to compare him. Enthusiast as he was for everything connected with material grandeur, moral grandeur, without which there can be no true greatness, was almost entirely wanting in him. He was able, like Gengis Khan or Attila, to set millions of soldiers in motion; he was able to show to astonished Europe Russia bristling with a girdle of cannon, from Sebastopol to Archangel, and from Cronstadt to Kamtschatka; he was able, in his far-reaching musings on the destinies of his race, to imagine, as so many other ambitious men had done before him, that he was predestined to become the conqueror of the world. He probably pictured in his wild and measureless dreams of dominion the grandeur of all the nations of Slavonic origin united under a single government; but he only prepared himself for his mighty mission by military despotism; and the sole means of action he contemplated were force and fraud. As to the liberty and dignity of man, as to those elevated sentiments of heart and mind which ennoble human nature, he not only neglected to cultivate them among his people, but opposed them throughout his life by the most violent and merciless means. Every religious denomination was proscribed except his own, and the Bible was rigorously banished his dominions. To close Russia against all liberal ideas, no matter how moderate, to prevent the faintest discussion and criticism of



the acts of authority, to bear down all resistance, and subjugate and mould sixty millions of men until the harshest military despotism should appear a natural and almost an indispensable thing, to substitute his own will for Right, and as a necessary consequence, to think himself infallible—these were the principles which filled his mind as his blood did his veins, and made the very pulse of his life. By the exercise of a power so unlimited a man runs the risk of becoming mad with pride, but can never be great or good. His system resolves itself into a species of deification of himself, and of an insulting opinion of the rest of mankind. If the theory itself was flagrantly false, he who cherished and acted upon it could be little better than a huge delusion.

But while we utterly condemn the policy of the Czar in seeking only the material grandeur of Russia to the entire exclusion of her moral and intellectual development, we cannot admit, what some writers have asserted, or insinuated, that he did any great violence to the feelings of the bulk of his people. When the pretended republicans of St. Petersburg rose in insurrection in 1825 against their new emperor, their cry was not for liberty, but 'Long live Constantine!'—that is to say, long live the most furious Tartar that ever issued from the forests of Scythia. If we investigate closely the sentiments even of the Russians who have been civilized by long intercourse with the Western nations, they will be found, with few exceptions, imbued with the Imperial belief that all the tribes of Slavonic race are to be united under Muscovite rule, and to effect the conquest of the world. The nation, almost to a man, are firm, we may say fanatical, believers in this destiny. But with them, as with the Emperor, it is a military ascendancy, a triumph of the sword, that is meant, and not a moral ascendancy, of which very few among them have any idea. In truth it is difficult in a country like ours to comprehend the extent of the subserviency to the Czar. M. de Kulture, after speaking of the gallantry of Nicholas, and naming several of the ladies to whom he is reported to have addressed—we do not know whether to say his homage or his orders—continues thus:—

"And does the Czar never experience resistance in the object of his caprice herself?" asked I of the lady, who was amiable, witty, and virtuous, as far as it is possible to be so in Russia, and who gave me those details.

"Never," . . . she answered, with an expression of the greatest surprise. "How could it be possible?"

"But take care," said I, "lest your answer authorize me to turn the question against yourself."

"The solution would be less embarrassing than you think. I would say the same as everybody else. *Besides, my husband would never pardon me if I refused.*"

We leave to M. de Kulture the responsibility of this conversation, but it is in direct refutation of his doctrine that the Russian people detest

the despotism of the Czars, that they are anxious for progress, and that the Emperor Nicholas forced on the present war to escape an impending revolution at home.\*

It was well known to many that the Czar had latterly grown old in look, that his once erect and martial stature betrayed a stoop, and that his proud countenance, in spite of every effort at concealment, sometimes bore the traces of restlessness and care. This was the tribute paid by human nature, less to advancing age than to the constant abuse, by this imperial Hercules, of his physical and intellectual powers. Above all, it was due to the intolerable labors imposed upon him by the conflict with the most powerful nations of Europe; and the prostration was the greater that he was not supported by success. In war, as well as in diplomacy, at Inkermann as at Vienna, his reputation for invincibility and infallibility had received a serious shock. He was subject both to gout and bilious attacks—the latter a disease which is almost inseparable from violent temperaments—and these were almost invariably renewed at each reverse he experienced and every obstacle he encountered. They were the more formidable that he rather treated sickness as a serf who was forced to bend to his will, than as a master to be managed with address. A narrative which Dr. Mandt gave orally at Breslau, in 1852, and which we print from the report of a person who heard it, throws no little light upon the disposition of the Emperor, the wretched alarm in which autocrats live whose despotism can only be limited by assassination, upon the violence of temper and brutal-

\* The Emperor Nicholas has often been reproached with that alliance of mysticism with politics which frequently seems to take the form of the most consummate hypocrisy. But this is another of the qualities which belong to him in common with his subjects. The same amalgamation is found generally among the Slavonic nations, even with those who, like the Poles, are opposed to the government of the Czar. Every one acquainted with Slavonic literature knows the name and writings of Mickiewicz, the national poet of Poland, who was proscribed by the Russian government, and who settled in Paris. In 1846 M. Cousin, then Minister of Public Instruction, established in the College de France a professorship of Slavonic literature for the express purpose of appointing him to it. Mickiewicz, whose object was Polish propaganda, wished to give a religious sanction to his political designs, and he determined to make his lectures conducive to this double end. These *ex cathedra* politico-religious doctrines assumed the most fantastic forms. Canticles were sung at the College de France. His auditors—ladies as well as gentlemen—made at particular times the sign of the cross, and falling on their knees embraced one another. M. Guizot, who was then Prime Minister, requested Mickiewicz to call on him, in the hope of persuading him to give up these mummeries. But the Slavonic Professor was much scandalized at the suggestion, and, after having expounded summarily the foundations of his new religion, which was to effect the enfranchisement of all the Slavonic nations, he concluded by stating that the only thing wanting to insure success was a *rather respectable Messiah*—a dignity which he eagerly pressed upon M. Guizot.

ity of manners engendered by servile obedience, and the agreeable position in which those are placed who wait upon men who are ready to revenge upon their officials the inevitable operation of the laws of nature.

"The constitution of the Emperor is excellent, but, as he treats it like an enemy, and in spite of his age does not deny himself any excess, he often shakes this magnificent edifice. At the period of which I am speaking he suffered from an obstinate indisposition, of which the cause remained unknown. My enemies, my friends, and, above all, my brother physicians, took advantage of this to charge me first with want of foresight, then with ignorance, and ultimately with poisoning.\* At that critical juncture I was summoned by the Grand Duchess Helen, who received me with a countenance at once cold and stern. She inquired of me how the Emperor was, and, without waiting for an answer, added that she was forewarned, and would abandon that august health neither to ignorance, if there were ignorance, nor to treason, if there were treason! She then motioned to me to retire. On reaching home I was summoned to wait upon her husband, the Grand Duke Michael; his agitation was extreme, and he rushed towards me. I remained motionless, and instead of strangling me, as I expected, he contended himself with putting his fist in my face, exclaiming "Traitor!" I respectfully begged that he would give me the means of repelling an odious accusation by acquainting me with the error which had suggested it. "You act the virtuous man!" he exclaimed; "you play the philosopher, the stoic, but I will not suffer myself to be deceived by this jugglery. The health of the Emperor is in your hands; you are answerable to me for it with your life. On the day of that precious health being endangered, your learned head would only adhere to your shoulders by a thread. Not a word, Sir; understand, and go!" and I withdrew, pursued by his threats. In my absence the Emperor had sent for me. I found him alone, stretched upon an easy-chair, his lion-like head weighed down by suffering, his color leaden, his air gloomy. He cast on me a penetrating glance, and, after some minutes of a chilling silence, inquired how I found him. I felt his pulse, which was strong and agitated; his tongue was bad, his general state alarming. "Well, Sir?" said the Emperor; he always used to call me by my name, and his alteration boded no good. "Sire, your Majesty has oppression and fever; it will be necessary to take an emetic." At the word emetic the Emperor raised his head abruptly—"An emetic! you never prescribed one to me before."† I

\* Dr. Mandt stated that his foreign birth, his Prussian education, and his supposed liberal ideas had made him many enemies.

† The rumor that he was poisoned had reached the Emperor, and, when Dr. Landt suggested the remedy which would have been used in such a case, it gave a color to the suspicion. The Czar, being privy, perhaps, to the threats that had been uttered by the Grand Duke Michael, may have inferred that the physician, after committing or conniving at the crime, was eager to save his master, that he might save himself.

went into the laboratory adjoining his study, and soon after returned with the dose; it was not long before it acted, but I was not satisfied with the result. Another emetic appeared to me necessary, and, after it had taken effect, the Emperor raised his pallid countenance, and said to me, in a tone of suppressed wrath, "Is that all?" "No, Sire, for I must have bile." "That is to say, you must have my bowels. Be it so; but remember this—I will have" (and he pronounced the word *will* in a manner to give it a threatening meaning) "*I will have this one produce an effect.*" Fully sensible of the danger and responsibility I, at all risks, trebled the dose; the vomiting was instantaneous and complete. He inquired whether I was satisfied. "Your Majesty is completely out of danger," answered I, and we parted. On the following day I found the Emperor standing up, and strong. "Do you know, Mandt," said he, "that yesterday, while you were administering the medicine to me, I believed I was poisoned?" "I knew it, Sire!" "You knew it,—and you had the courage to advise me to take an emetic!" "The state of your Majesty required it." "But if it had operated ill, what would your enemies have said? for you have enemies, and they are numerous." "They would have asserted subsequently what they insinuated previously,—they would have called me Mandt the Poisoner." "And that thought did not stop you?" and here he held out his hand to me.

In spite of the rigors of the winter, which was almost insupportable at St. Petersburg, the Emperor Nicholas did not cease to brave the inclemencies of weather, to review the troops, to go on the ice to inspect the fortifications of Cronstadt, in a word to develop every means of resistance to an attack which grew increasingly formidable. Amidst the tempest which he had raised he sacrificed to the exigencies of war the family affections to which he was always so sensible, and for the second time sent his two younger sons to Sebastopol—the Grand Duke Nicholas and the Grand Duke Michael. His second son, the Grand Duke Constantine, whose vigorous character is reflected in the varying lines of his expressive countenance, was sent across the snows to act at points nearer home as the energetic interpreter of the Imperial will. The Grand Duke Alexander alone remained at the side of his father, who for several years had been instructing him in the management of affairs. The mild and regular features of the reigning Czar appear to indicate a character less imperious and inflexible than his father's; but his language has not, since he ascended the throne, been in keeping with his physiognomy. He married in 1841 the Princess Maria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. Her solid and reflective character left an impression of coldness and reserve on the Imperial family, whose sentiments of affection are very strong and expansive. "We will love her so much," said the Empress when the Czar complained of this chilliness of manner, "that we shall force her to love us." The charming prophecy was realized, and Nicholas ended by adoring his

daughter-in-law. He was usually present at the meals of his grandchildren, and on review days he used to show the two eldest with pride to the Imperial Guard, dressed, one as a grenadier of the regiment of Pawlowski, and the other as a grenadier of the regiment of Preobajenski.

Notwithstanding the ravages of the influenza at St. Petersburg, none of the Imperial family were attacked until the Emperor Nicholas showed symptoms, on the 14th of February, of the prevailing disease. His physicians wished him to abandon his out-of-door labors; but he paid no attention to the recommendation. To all remonstrances he merely answered that he had something else to do than to take care of himself. For more than a year past, however, he had manifested occasional uneasiness on the subject, remarking that he had attained, and even passed, the number of years which God grants to those of his race, and that his end was not far distant. He particularly demanded to be subjected to a regimen which might preserve him from corpulency, of which he had a singular dread. About the 18th of February, Dr. Mandt, who had not hitherto felt any serious alarm, thought that a second physician should be summoned. The Emperor treated the request with levity, but consented that his physician in ordinary, Dr. Karell, should be consulted. On the 19th of February, by Dr. Mandt's order, the Emperor kept his bed. The Empress was also confined to her room; and as her apartment and that of her husband were on different floors, the august invalids had no direct communication. The state of the Emperor grew daily worse; he no longer slept; his cough was incessant, but still repose was intolerable to him. A review of a corps of infantry of the Guard, which was about to proceed to Lithuania, had for some time been announced; in spite of the most intense frost he declared his resolution of holding the review on the 22nd. "Sire," said one of his physicians, "there is not in the whole army a military surgeon who would permit a common soldier to quit the hospital in the state in which you are, for he would be sure that his patient would re-enter it still worse." "'Tis well, gentlemen," answered the Emperor; "you have done your duty, now I am going to do mine;" and upon this he entered the sledge. In passing along the ranks of his soldiers his air of suffering and continual cough betrayed his condition. On his return he said, "I am bathed in perspiration." Before going home he called upon Prince Dolgorouki, the Minister of War, who was ill, and, more prudent for him than for himself, he urged him not to go out too soon. He passed the evening with the Empress, but complained of cold and kept on his cloak.

The imprudence of the Emperor brought on a severe relapse, and from that time he remained in his little working cabinet, whence for some days he continued to issue orders respecting the defence of Sebastopol, and the other emergencies which arose. His uneasiness and depression were much increased by the unsuccessful attack of Russia against the Turks at Eupatoria; and on the 1st of March his powerful intellect was shaken and some delirium was observed.

When hope seemed to be at an end the Empress, who had quitted her own apartment to attend upon him, prevailed, on herself, by a violent effort, to propose to her husband to receive the Sacraments. At the beginning of Lent he commenced the religious exercises of the season, and from Monday to Thursday inclusive had daily been present at divine service. Yet, notwithstanding his weakness, he would not sit down, although requested to do so by the Archpriest Bajanoff. Advancing disease compelled him to suspend his attendance. The Empress availed herself of this circumstance. 'Since,' she said, 'you have been unable to complete your religious duties during the past week, and to receive the Sacraments, would you not do so now? Although the state of your health presents no danger, yet many examples show us the consolation which God sends to the sick through the Holy Communion.' 'No,' he replied, 'I cannot approach so great a mystery in bed and undressed. It will be better when I can do it in a suitable manner.' The Empress said nothing, but he soon remarked that she was in tears. 'Do you weep?' said he. She answered that she did not. A few minutes afterwards she commenced repeating the Lord's Prayer in a low voice. On her uttering the words, 'Thy Will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' the Czar exclaimed, 'For ever, for ever, for ever.' 'Why,' he added, 'do you pray?' 'I pray,' she responded, 'for the recovery of your health.' 'Am I then in danger?' 'No,' was her reply; for she had not the courage to speak the truth. 'You are much agitated and fatigued,' remarked the Emperor, 'go and take some rest.' The Empress then retired.

About three o'clock in the morning the Emperor addressed Dr. Mandt in these terms: 'Tell me candidly what my disease is; you know that I have always enjoined you to forewarn me in time if I fell seriously ill, in order that I might not neglect the duties of a Christian.' 'I cannot conceal from your Majesty,' said the physician, 'that the disease is becoming serious; the right lung is attacked.' On this the Emperor asked, 'Do you mean to say that it is threatened with paralysis?' The doctor replied, 'If the disease do not yield to our efforts, such may indeed be the result, but we do not yet observe it, and we still have hopes of seeing you restored.' 'Ah,' said the Emperor, 'now I comprehend my state; now I know what I have to do.'

The Emperor dismissed his physician and summoned the hereditary Prince. He calmly imparted to him his hopeless condition, adding, 'I trust you have not yet said, and will not say, anything to your mother. Send for my confessor.' The Archpriest Bajanoff was already in the Palace. The Empress entered at the same moment, and, when the archbishop began the prayers which precede confession, the Emperor gave his blessing to her and his son, who was kneeling by his bedside, and they then withdrew.

The confession completed, the Emperor made the sign of the Cross and said, 'I pray the Lord to receive me into his bosom.' According to his

desire, the communion was administered to him in presence of the Empress and the Czarowitch, and he received it in the full possession of his consciousness, with pious compunction and perfect resignation. Having recited the whole *Credo* with tolerable firmness of voice, he next sent for the Czarevna, the Grand Duke Constantine Nicolaiewitch, the Grand Duchesses Alexandra-Josephowna, Marie-Nicolaiewna. Helene-Pavlovna, and his grandchildren, all of whom were sitting in the adjoining apartments. He announced to them with firmness, his approaching end, took a separate leave of each, and gave them his blessing. The words which he uttered at that solemn moment will remain graven in the hearts of all who heard them. The Empress exclaimed, 'Oh God! could I not die with you?' He said, 'You must live for them, and, turning towards the Czarowitch, he thus continued: 'You know that all my anxiety, all my efforts had for their object the good of Russia; my desire was to labor till I could leave you the Empire thoroughly organized, protected from all danger from without, completely tranquil and happy; but you see at what a time and under what circumstances I die. Such, however, seems to be the will of God. Your burden will be heavy.' The Czarowitch in tears answered him, 'If I am destined to lose you, I have the certainty that above also you will pray to God for Russia and for us all, and you will ask His aid that I may be able to sustain the burden which He will have imposed upon me.' The Emperor then said, 'Yes, I have always prayed for Russia and for you all. There also I will pray for you. Do you,' said he, addressing the entire circle which surrounded him, and pointing to the Empress, 'remain always as hitherto closely united by family love.'

The Emperor afterwards sent for Count d'Adlerberg (the Comptroller of his Household), Count Orloff, and Prince Dolgorouki, the Minister of War. He thanked them in affecting terms for their faithful services and tried devotion, recommended them to his successor, gave them his benediction, and bade them farewell. He next wished to see his domestic servants, and the old grenadiers of the palace, and addressed words of consolation and encouragement to them. To Madame Rohrbeck, First Bedchamber Woman to the Empress, he said, "I fear that I have not sufficiently thanked you for the care which you took of the Empress when she was last ill; be to her for the future what you have been in my lifetime, and salute my beautiful Peterhoff the first time you go there with her." Then, addressing the Czarowitch and Count d'Adlerberg, he gave his last orders concerning his obsequies; selected himself the apartment of the ground-floor of the palace where his mortal remains were to be laid out, as well as the position of his tomb in the cathedral of the Apostles Peter and Paul. He ordered that his funeral should be conducted with the least possible display, without a splendid catafalque, or magnificence of ornaments when he was laid in state, in order to avoid an expenditure which could ill be spared from the requirements of the war.

It was he himself who wished that his ap-

proaching death should be announced by telegraph to Moscow and Warsaw. While he was occupied in these mournful duties, with the same firmness as he would have engaged in full health in the government of his empire, it was announced that the son of Prince Menschikoff had arrived with letters from his father. He refused to take notice of them, saying, "Could even that attach me again to earth?" It seemed that from that time he considered himself to have abdicated, and to have resigned all his power into the hands of his successor. The day before, the Emperor had kept his eldest son for several hours alone near his bed to give him last directions. His second son, the Grand Duke Constantine, had been present during a part of the interview. Two or three times in the course of that last and solemn conversation, the Duke Alexander, strongly impressed with what his father said, went into the next room to write down, on the spot, the exact words which he had heard. On the 2nd of March, at noon, after having remained for more than an hour without being able to articulate a syllable, and scarcely able to breathe, Nicholas recovered for a few minutes the power of speech, but could only recommend his son Alexander to thank the garrison of Sebastopol in his name. Nearly the last words he articulated were in French, "*Dites à Fritz* (his brother-in-law, King of Prussia) *de rester le même pour la Russie et de ne pas oublier les paroles de papa.*"

The dying Emperor still preserved his consciousness when the confessor began the prayers for those in the agony of death, and he repeated them after him with a weak but calm voice. Speech soon failed him—he made a sign for the holy father to approach, pressed his hand, kissed the cross suspended about the confessor's neck, and gave it to be understood, by motions of his eyes and hand towards the Empress and his successor that he was praying for them. Up to the last moment he did not relinquish the hands of his wife and his heir, and, while still pressing them, he expired at twenty minutes past noon.

Thus ended the life of the Emperor Nicholas, on a bed of hay and having for a coverlet a soldier's cloak; showing in his last moments, in presence of impending, and, till lately, unexpected death, a stoical resignation and an empire over himself for which the violence of his temper had not prepared us; taking a last leave of his family, his friends and servants, with an affection, and even tenderness, which would have been remarkable in a man of the mildest nature, yet able to tear himself from these emotions to dictate to his son his last instructions, and to open to the inheritor of his power the deepest secrets of his policy. These secrets Alexander II. alone knows, and it is by his conduct that Europe must learn them. Notwithstanding the differences of character and position, it is questionable whether this successor, placed at the head of a proud and powerful nation, would be able, if he were willing, to renounce the policy which his father, we are confident, did not cease to inculcate upon him as long as he retained the power of uttering one single word.



## FRENCH AND ENGLISH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

[From a Letter to The Times—dated Constantinople, 15th April.]

TURNING from the exciting events of the campaign, on which you will receive full details from other sources, to the more commonplace occurrences of Constantinople, the chief subject of interest is the arrival of large masses of French troops, and their encampment at Mashlak, within an hour's ride of the city. On the 12th 1,000 men of the Imperial Guard came into port. They were brought by the Colombo from Marseilles, and are the finest troops that have been sent by the Emperor to the East. Their neat uniforms of dark blue, without any gaudy finery, are extremely becoming. Although not hung about with imitations of gold lace, the cloth they wear is fine and strong, and forms a good contrast to the fabric with which our own troops, even those of the household, are clad. This however is no great triumph, for even the Turkish levies are furnished with more substantial clothes than those which the British soldier wore at the commencement of the war. Pera now swarms with the troops of our ally. Even the appellation of the place is changed. It has always been spoken of as the "Frank" quarter. By an easy transition the soldiers of Napoleon III. have changed "Frank" into "French," and certainly the new name is not undeserved. Not only has the number of French engaged in commerce increased immensely within the last few years, but the French manners and civilization have overspread the community so as to have almost changed its character. The French language has entirely replaced the Italian in all commercial and social intercourse. Greek, although it has been much improved and purified since the revolution, and is now essentially the same as the ancient language, is confined to the Greek race. Turkish is every day less essential, since the one thing which the new Turk learns well is to speak French, and in another twenty years the race of Dragomans will be extinct. The armies of France have completed the change which has been long proceeding. Officers of the various corps, in all the endless diversity of military costume, are to be seen constantly passing and repassing with an air as if they were perfectly at home, and had occupied the country for years. The roads out of Pera are covered with thin lines of wagons, each bearing a little tri-colored flag, or a board with the inscription "Armée Française." The police of the town are French Gendarmes. French soldiers walk into St. Sophia without paying "backsheesh," and roam through the halls of the Sultan's new palace in their muddy boots, while a Mussulman submissively walks behind

with a wet cloth to wipe the polished floor, which the Western warrior has dirtied at every step. Almost every building of consequence in Pera now belongs to them, and they hold the finest site and the largest edifice in Stamboul. They are established in the garden of the old Seraglio, and have made a hospital of the Medical School, which stands under the shadow of the dome of St. Sophia. The hills to the north are white with their tents as far as the eye can see. All the horses in the country are being bought up for their service, and French officers may be seen mounted on Arab and Kurdish steeds, which are very different in appearance from the animals they bestride in their own country. The number of French at present in the neighborhood of the capital does not exceed 14,000; but in two months Napoleon will have nearly 50,000 men in the various positions which his Generals have chosen near the city. The encampment at Mashlak makes great progress. The French have taken possession of one of the aqueducts, which they have diverted so as to carry water to their camp. Most of the meadows on the Bosphorus have been taken for their horses; among them the vast plain of Bujukdere, where it is said cavalry will be stationed. In this place was the camp of the Crusaders under Godefroy de Bouillon, but it is very unhealthy in summer, so that it is probable it will only be used to pasture the horses. It is shut in by lofty hills, and inhabited only by frogs and nightingales, both of which keep up their concert all night long. The French soldiers will be well acclimatized by their stay on the banks of the Bosphorus, and, should the present campaign not be the last in the East, the army of reserve will be in fine condition to take the field in the year 1856. The troops are making themselves very comfortable. They are cutting the furze and brushwood in all directions, and piling it to dry: their tents are patterns of cleanliness; they have three bands, which may be heard playing almost every afternoon. The Colombo brought out another very fine band, belonging to the Imperial Guard. It is said to contain a number of musicians of great skill, who were accustomed, at Paris, to play in the orchestra of the Grand Opera. Several of these were very loth to be banished to the desolate East, but the Emperor would hear of no excuse, and the musicians must now content themselves with charming the Perote population during the ensuing summer.

A great many English are to be observed in the streets, although not many persons of distinction have arrived lately. Our language is heard in every direction, and the knowledge that Englishmen have money to spend insures the attention of all the inhabitants of the bazars. A few soldiers who are to be seen are

generally bargaining for some trifle by means of gesticulations and a few words of Turkish. Missionary enterprise has provided a class of interpreters who may be found in all directions. In the schools established by the American Presbyterians a little English is picked up, and when the boys leave at the age of 13 or 14 they generally employ themselves as guides to the English strangers. Now officers, men, and casual visitors are accosted at every step by one of these urchins, who offers his services in conducting them to localities in which he fancies they may be interested.

#### LORD PALMERSTON'S GOVERNMENT AND THE KNOW-NOTHINGS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, which speaks for the "Peel Party," we copy an article issued 7 April.]

IS LORD PALMERSTON to be the last of the Oligarchs? Does he represent an effete principle of Government, to be followed by a "revolution," of the kind in which the sober and practical English people sometimes indulge themselves? Or is he only an accident—a something thrown up to the surface in the turbid working of the political elements—an obstruction to the healthy action of an ancient though still vigorous system, rather than its congenial exponent?

When Lord PALMERSTON was called upon to assume a kind of Dictatorship, it was expected that he would restore the harmonious action of a disorganized machinery of Government. Failure was never for a moment anticipated from a man whose admirers had backed him to do so much—and therefore the nation scarcely asked what would come after him. He has failed, however—utterly, egregiously failed—he has frittered away a popularity and influence which no individual statesman has enjoyed since PITT or PEEL—and now men begin to ask, What is to be substituted? Is the system to go with him—or can the Tories, or any other political party in the State, so purify and reinvigorate it as to make it work on again? One thing seems to be universally agreed upon—that matters cannot be permitted to rest as they are. The universal questions are—What is to be done? And—Who is to do it?

It is strange that on both sides of us—in Continental Europe close to our shores, and far away in the West—men should, by a similar process, have arrived at the same conclusions, although from premises so different. In the United States they have not been governed by an Oligarchy. Democracy, in its purest and most unfettered form, has swayed the destinies of that immense and still undeveloped country. Yet the people are justly dissatisfied with the order of things; and a great national

party has been silently formed, which already threatens to overshadow all others in the community. It is remarkable with what precision the description given, in the Manifesto of the Know-Nothings, of the condition of parties in the United States at the present moment, applies to the case of the United Kingdom. Word for word, the catalogue of short comings serves to censure those of our own Whig and Tory, Radical Politico-Economic, or Irish Catholic parties. "All men acknowledge," say those clear-sighted Americans, "that the old and familiar parties are scarcely any longer cognizable by the original tests of distinctive opinion. In the fading away of these, it is equally apparent that they have lapsed into a condition which have lost them much of the confidence of the people. They lie open to the reproach of substituting for honest differences of judgment upon questions of public concern, others of trivial import or even of mischievous extravagance. Many exciting subjects which, in the earlier stages of our progress, legitimately divided public opinion, have manifestly lost their significance in the estimate of the present day; and the country has seen, with regret, that as these have sunk out of view, new and less worthy topics of dissension have been thrust into their place—topics to be noted chiefly by the low passions to which they appeal, and by the base motives they propose to a continued strife. They seem to have grown out of no better motive than a desire to keep up division for the profit of those who may thrive by it, in a career which looks to no object of honorable ambition, and scarcely affects to refer to the public good. Party action has thus, in a great degree, lost all dignity above that of a mere struggle for the power of dispensing patronage, and has done what it could to inculcate in the mind of the people an opinion that Government is but a complicated system of rewards for office seekers, in whom the faculty for faithful service is the last and the least of the qualifications they are expected to present."

It is precisely of these evils that the people of England now make their plaint—as yet muttered only, but soon to burst in thunder. They have yielded up the legislative and administrative powers to an Oligarchy, and have been content to balance between the several parties into which it has been divided. But those parties have "lapsed into a condition which has lost to them much of the confidence of the people." The people of England are rapidly becoming "Know-Nothings," too. They are beginning to confine their attention to the one great question—how to get adequately performed the great work of Government. It is not that they are prepared to back anonymous agitators in any crusade against the Aristocracy as an Institution. They have

no desire to make a revolution in order to thrust a few ambitious and pretentious men into high positions. They will not, like the Chinese peasant in LAMB's tale, burn their house in order to roast their pig. No; they want MEN. If they can get them, they will adopt them instantly. Their being aristocrats would be rather in their favor than otherwise. But men they will have, and that speedily. They thought that they had found what they wanted in LORD PALMERSTON. Their disappointment is rapidly deepening into indignation; and hence the danger lest they should confound the man with the system, and, in angrily displacing the one, should sweep away the other.

In France they have somewhat anticipated us and the Americans in point of time. The Emperor NAPOLEON the THIRD is only a French "Know-Nothing." Think you, that he is so admired and respected because he is a BUONAPARTE? Not at all. BUONAPARTISM helped to raise him to eminence, because the people were tardily repentant and grateful to their dead hero. But BUONAPARTISM, in a dynastic sense, has not made him what he now is—the Ruler of France, not in right of his descent, but by reason of his deeds. It is true that he represents BUONAPARTISM as his uncle wished to have made it; but he has put on it a stamp of his own. BUONAPARTISM, as he interprets it, "knows nothing" but the grandeur and prosperity of the nation, the healthy administration of public affairs, and the vigorous organization and supervision of the civil and military services. NAPOLEON the THIRD "knows nothing" of parties, dynastic or political. He does not legislate for classes, and is magnanimously abstinent from creating a new titled aristocracy. He is a leveller, but it is to raise, rather than to pull down.

It is because he has substituted a strong, healthy, and vigorous system of Government for the anarchical state of parties preceding it—a state of parties paralleled by that in England and America at the present time—and has created a practical equality for the benefit of all classes, that he is now growing to be regarded as the Man of his Time, and is rapidly becoming the idol of his countrymen.

If our governing classes do not mind what they are about, the English people will become "Know-Nothings;" and that not merely in the sense to which we have above referred. A quarter of a century has elapsed since they thoroughly aroused themselves to a consideration of their affairs. We deeply regret to express our conviction that there are ready the elements of a National movement, very different from those Organized Shams which have been got up since, by religious or commercial demagogues—a real upheaving of the national heart and will—a something that will spring, not from passion or interest, but from deep-rooted conviction. If this begins—and it is never wise to go to sleep over a volcano—where will it stop? There are not wanting profligate publicists, demagogues, anonymous or avowed, to turn it to account. If a notion should sink into the national mind, that those who have hitherto been entrusted with the work of government have misinterpreted or neglected their mission, might it not come to pass that the English people, in their turn, would "know nothing" of parties or privileges, of tradition or custom, and would rudely take up the neglected task? It is not impossible that a spirit of fairness might lead to one of those parties being permitted one more trial. There is something in the present attitude of the Tories which rather propitiates public feeling than otherwise. But would they be equal to the work? If they should prove so, no party feeling would interfere with their unbounded popularity.

LORD PALMERSTON stands in the way. He has disappointed every one. SAMSON dozes, or coquets with the political charmers who will prove his ruin. Neither at home nor abroad is the Ministry respected. We are stagnant as regards domestic legislation, yet precious time is being wasted in negotiations which the public begin to regard as delusive. The Do-Nothings may be succeeded by the Know-Nothings; and, bad as matters are at present, England might find that such a change was for the worse.

*Heliodé*; or, Adventures in the Sun. Chapman & Hall.

The author of the clever and successful "Memoirs of a Stomach" adds himself here to the long list of gentlemen who have made imaginary voyages to other worlds, and gives us no reason to regret that he has done so. Science, fancy, satire, and suggestion, are mixed up together in

a pleasant and telling way. The book is amusing and readable throughout, and may be recommended as constituting an excellent variety of diet upon which novel-readers may put themselves for a day or two, with much reasonable hope of benefit and entertainment therefrom.

*Examiner.*

From the Times, 29 March.

### NAPOLEON IN ENGLAND.

THE arrangements for the visit of the Emperor of the FRENCH and the Empress EUGENIE to this country are now said to be complete, and on the 16th of April the Imperial Court of France is expected to arrive on a visit to Her Majesty the QUEEN, either at Windsor Castle or in London. Engaged as the two nations of France and England now are in an intimate alliance and in the joint prosecution of an arduous campaign, no surprise can be felt that the same courtesy and confidence which have long been happily established between the Ministers, the Generals, and the troops of these two great Powers should also mark the personal intercourse of their Sovereigns. Such an exchange of civilities is consistent with propriety, with the usage of modern times, and with good policy, for the public will view with satisfaction every incident which strengthens the ties on which our success in war and our security in peace so materially depend. But this visit to England is not the less an extraordinary occurrence in the life of an extraordinary man. Just seven years will have elapsed since he who now wields with great vigor and ability the sceptre and the sword of France took his place among the special constables of St. James's, and mounted guard with the population of London to protect the property and order of this metropolis. Soon afterwards he quitted this country with a Belgian passport, an uncertain destiny, and a precarious subsistence. He returns to it under the most opposite circumstances—the Sovereign of a powerful nation allied on equal terms to the Queen of these realms—exercising a power at home and abroad which has not only subdued all its rivals but annihilated all resistance—accompanied by his consort, a lady whose beauty and whose talents shed lustre on her private rank, but whom his will alone has placed on the throne of the Empress JOSEPHINE,—and received by the people of England as a man who has not only successfully mastered one of the paroxysms of the French Revolution, but who has established the closest union between the two great empires of the West, and has drawn the sword, in conjunction with ourselves, to defend the permanent interest of Europe. In the eventful history of these times it has not fallen to our lot to record a more striking contrast, or an event suggesting more singular reflections.

In taking this retrospective glance at the career of the Emperor NAPOLEON we have not forgotten, and it would ill become us to forget, the means by which he raised himself to absolute power, the overthrow of the liberties of the French people which followed the revolution of 1848, and the energy with which

we felt called upon to raise our voice against acts so fatal to the cause of free government. The opinions we expressed at that time were, and still are, the opinions of men ardently attached to the institutions of that free commonwealth in which we live, and hardly able to conceive the permanence of a government founded on a totally opposite principle in such a country as France. But, whatever may be the value of those opinions, which time alone can definitively prove, the condition and demeanor of the French nation for the last three years have entirely deprived them of their direct application to that country. The Government established by the *coup d'état* of 1851 has retained the support of that national majority to which it victoriously appealed to ratify its power; and from that time to the present no serious attempt has been made to alter the existing settlement of the empire. Under these circumstances, it would be impertinent in foreign observers to discuss the character of a Government which is accepted by those whom it more particularly concerns. It would, moreover, be disingenuous not to admit that the use made by the Emperor NAPOLEON of the absolute power now vested in his hands does him far greater honor than the means by which he obtained it. He assumed the reins of government after a catastrophe which had for a season prostrated the social energy and almost exhausted the resources of France. Yet with marvellous rapidity the credit, the prosperity, and the productive power of the empire revived, and the experience of upwards of three years has shown that this astonishing development of wealth and activity is not due to fictitious or ephemeral causes, but to the real progress of the nation. Public works of surprising magnificence have been not only begun but completed in all parts of France, and more especially in the capital. Reforms, salutary to trade, have been accomplished in the commercial system of the country. The French navy has been raised to an unprecedented degree of power. Loans of great magnitude have been subscribed with popular enthusiasm, and the financial operations of the great French companies have extended to the most remote parts of Europe. To these facts must be added the considerations more immediately affecting ourselves and the political interests of foreign nations, in as far as we and they are affected by the foreign policy of the Emperor of the FRENCH.

When the Emperor NAPOLEON ascended the throne, and found himself in possession of an uncontrolled authority over the political and military resources of France, he had before him two courses of action. He might, had he been so inclined, have revived the foreign policy of the first Empire; he might have repudiated the treaties of 1815, attempted to ex-



From the Examiner, 7 April.

tend the territories of France to the Alps and the Rhine, sought to avenge the battle of Waterloo on this country, broken up the existing state of Europe, and obtained, without much difficulty, the alliance of the late Emperor of RUSSIA in the accomplishment of these nefarious designs; for in the early part of 1853 there can be little doubt that Russia would have consented to purchase the alliance of France at any price, and the new empire might have been inaugurated by another Tilsit. On the other hand lay the alternative of an intimate alliance with Great Britain. LOUIS NAPOLEON well knew the conditions on which alone such an alliance could be formed and maintained. He was well aware that in connecting his policy with that of this country he gave a pledge for the observance of existing treaties, for the independence of Belgium, Switzerland, and Sardinia, for our own security, for the maintenance of the existing balance of power, and for his adherence to a disinterested and pacific system of government. He knew also that the only sure ground of this alliance would be an absolute good faith and strict veracity in all the relations it might call into existence. Such being the option which lay before him, we say that it does honor to his judgment and to his character, and that it especially entitles him to the respect and gratitude of the people of this country, when it appears that he unhesitatingly irrevocably chose the last of these two alternatives. It was not the course which appealed most directly to the old associations of Imperial France, to the ambition of the people, or the enthusiasm of the army; but it was a course dictated by prudence, by wisdom, by good policy, and by the desire of peace; and that decision undoubtedly saved this country, as well as France and the rest of Europe, from perils and evils in comparison with which the events of the present war subside into insignificance. On the grounds of practical experience and of national interest we shall, in common with the whole people of this country, welcome the visit of the Emperor of the FRENCH to the court of England. It is a conspicuous mark of the strength and energy of that alliance in which the honor of our arms and the success of our common cause are so deeply engaged. It is a fresh proof of the confidence and regard with which the Emperor NAPOLEON looks upon a country which he has known well under different circumstances and at other times. It sheltered him a fugitive from the fortress of Ham—it will receive him a guest from the splendor of the Tuileries. But in either capacity he knows that he is no stranger among us, and that no man ever sought and held fast to the friendship of this country in vain.

MANY were the men both in and out of France, who, however deep their abhorrence of absolute power, and unchanged their attachment to liberty and their belief in it, still never thought of withholding their admiration from what was great in the character of the first Napoleon. Such men were our Foxes and Hollands, our Broughams, Whitbreads, and Greys. They could not but remember, that although free government had been then suspended in France, nevertheless the power thus grasped was used for many useful and progressive purposes at home and abroad, was directed towards the humbling of barbarous tyrannies, the levelling of aristocratic privilege, and a diffusion of many of the boons of equality and tolerance. Moreover, they believed that Napoleon was not necessarily the foe of England, or of English institutions; and perhaps they knew, as we certainly now know, that even he at times indulged in dreams of France and England uniting to govern the world.

If our early liberals, in the midst of an internecine war, could thus discriminate and judge in the case of their great adversary, we surely, not departing from what we have condemned, may be the more eager to concede what is praiseworthy, in the conduct of our present ally, his nephew and successor. For if, under him, the machinery of French constitutional liberty be equally suspended, he is now at least making use of the power thus concentrated in his hands, to resist and break the most formidable empire which has yet menaced Europe with a barbarous ascendancy. To humble the pretensions, and put a stop to the encroachments of Russia, is at the present time of greater import to the safety of the world, than any partial progress or temporary freedom of any one country. And should France after the lapse of a few years recover her liberties, with Russia no longer impending over them, she will have gained more than if the intervening years had been employed, like the eighteen of Louis Philippe's reign, in petty quarrels with England, in petty intrigues with the Eastern Powers, and in the miserable corruption of parliamentary majorities.

Napoleon the Third represents to us, at this moment, the alliance between the two great countries of the West, undertaken for the most righteous purposes. They have entered upon war not for conquest or aggrandizement, but to resist encroachment, and drive back unprovoked aggression. They have intervened to establish the principle of non-intervention, to declare that Turkey shall be left to regenerate or revolutionize itself, and to protect the Slavonian races from being thrust any longer under the domination of neighboring despots. To great military empire this alliance says, Ye

shall advance and extend no farther; nor have we, on national grounds certainly, any reason to complain that it is as a military empire France joins us in this declaration. After ample experience of what France was as a constitutional kingdom, we can hardly hope that, as such, France would have joined us in any such noble and necessary task. The policy of both branches of the Bourbons, from 1814 to 1848, was directed solely to the bolstering up of the throne by a petty and mistaken policy. We withdraw nothing of what we have said in condemnation of the present Emperor's seizure of power, but his use of it has at least established what not long ago we were at some pains to point out, a New sort of Despotism. Discarding all timid thoughts of making friends or conciliating foes, he has flung himself on the broad policy of doing what was best for Europe, and therefore best for himself. In pursuance of this, he has had the courage and the originality not only to lift his Government out of the old Bourbon rut, but even to liberate himself from Bonaparte prejudices. Narrow Imperialism would have suggested rivalry of England, without the least gain to Europe; but he has shown himself above the petty rancor and idle expectations of his followers. Before the war broke out he maintained an even and pacific course, but a vigilant one, prepared for circumstances; and when the late Czar, counting on the sheer impossibility of a Bonaparte coming to any good understanding with England, seized his opportunity for swallowing up the Principalities, he soon found French and British troops upon the Bosphorus, and even Austria so far emboldened to shake off its old obsequiousness as to assume at least an ambiguous and threatening attitude.

In such considerations as these exist ample grounds for giving an honorable reception to the first sovereign of France who has been a cordial ally to England,—the first who has broken from the fatal and foolish prejudice of the two countries being natural foes,—the first who has leagued with us for a great European purpose,—the first who saw that though more ultimate profit might have accrued to his dynasty from allying with a military and despotic power, there was yet more to be gained for European independence by allying with a free and constitutional one.

But the Emperor Napoleon does not come alone; he brings with him his consort,—not a princess solicited on political grounds from the palaces of St. Petersburg or Vienna, but a lady selected for her beauty from the ranks of the Spanish noblesse. Shall this be a reason for giving her less honor? Rather let it be the contrary. For what has always most intercepted our alliances with the Continent has been our exclusion, on account of religion,

from the families of continental royalty. Napoleon the Third, in setting the example of pursuing a large European policy rather than a narrow French one, has also in this most happily innovated. By marrying a lady in no respect indebted to family influences, he has kept himself free and unshackled by those old Court ties that have more degraded and denationalized politics than perhaps any other cause.

We need not continue to give reasons, however, why the Emperor and Empress of the French should be cordially received. The good sense and the good feeling of Englishmen are sufficiently alive to this. Nor is there any need to remind our countrymen that the sovereign whom they welcome is not in domestic policy a liberal prince. Their mode of receiving him may perhaps help to remove that blot on his character and reign. With other late occurrences it may help more strongly to impress upon him, that while a ruler is patriotic and wise in his policy, he need not fear to throw it open to public criticism and appreciation. Every shade of party here will be eager to do him justice, and this may come in aid of recent experiences to show that the inconveniences of publicity and freedom do *not* outweigh their advantages.

From the Examiner, 21 April.

#### RECEPTION OF THE FRENCH EMPEROR.

WHATEVER, during the past week, may have been said in adulation by great men or mayors, the terms of the French Emperor's reply to the address at Guildhall may convince us that he at least is not to be deceived by any overstatement of his claims to honor and esteem in England. "Flattering as are your praises," he said, "I accept them because they are addressed much more to France than to myself." And he proceeded, in the language of a statesman, to enlarge on the benefits of a fast alliance between two countries with precisely identical interests in every question of politics or human progress that now agitates the world. It is not his fault if any misconception should prevail as to the spirit of the greeting which has been given him in England.

The Emperor Napoleon has been received as the representative of an alliance between this country and France, which we in England intend, by every display of good feeling and by every act of friendship in our power, to make perpetual, if we can. We acknowledge the superiority of the French over us in some respects, we believe ourselves to have advantage over them in others, but we know no braver and no nobler people. We have a thorough conviction that each nation deserves and desires the other's trust and friendship. And in the day of meeting and reconciliation after

enmities long past, they are the greatest who forbear the most, and show most eagerness to hold forth the friendly hand. We can have no cause hereafter to regret that the reception of the French Emperor and Empress should have been of an extraordinary kind.

Somewhat angrily we have been asked if we do not think it discreditable that, while tens of thousands of our countrymen have been following Louis Napoleon during the last few days, and straining their throats with shouts of welcome, none should have been found to step forward and tell him that his dignity is his disgrace? It will suffice to reply simply that if it be so, that is a fact which discredits France; and if we think so, that is a thought which we are bound in courtesy, nay, in very sincerity, not now to express. It is our belief, as we said at the time of the *coup d'état*, that Napoleon the Third would have been what he is by the choice of France, if he had not made himself what he is by treachery and violence; but in spite of his conduct in seizing power, it appears unquestionable that his countrymen themselves have condoned the act, and that the consent of a majority of Frenchmen supports him on the throne. He is now their elected chief, and public discourtesy to him in England would have nearly the same significance as public discourtesy in France to our own sovereign.

But in remarking on this popular ovation, we have to make allowance, no doubt, for much excitement of mere curiosity. It is no forced romance which gives an interest to the son of Queen Hortense as to a man who has lived through marvellous vicissitudes. Had he been born in the purple, never an exile in King street, never a prisoner at Ham, the crowds attendant on his progress would have been far less numerous and far less enthusiastic. To the romance-loving class of sight-seers, too, his Empress has not been second in attraction, and like him has owed her popularity less to the exaltedness of her station than to the vividness of its contrast with herself. Not a woman of imperial blood, married in defiance of imperial customs for her own sake, young and beautiful, and sharing what all men feel to be the strange uncertainty which hangs over her husband's future, every one has been eager to like and to welcome that pleasant English face and those winning smiles. But having made allowance for all this, and for the less respectable sentiment predominant with numbers amongst us eager always to abase themselves before anything that comes in the shape of power or superiority, we still find the fact remaining that honest men regard with satisfaction the position now held by the Emperor of France, and we have to reconcile as we may the former reviling with the present giving of honor.

For our own parts we abate no syllable of any strong opinion we have heretofore expressed upon the morality or policy of the *coup d'état*, or of the acts which preceded it. One bitter result of it has been that its author has completely forfeited with his countrymen the confidence he would have drawn from a more just title to his throne. His allusion at Guildhall to our English government as "the empire of liberty without danger," we may translate into an expression of regret that liberty without danger cannot exist in France; but if there be really a necessity to subject France to despotism, we can as little question the origin of that necessity as (we grieve to add) the fact of its practical admission by France herself. To this latter element in the discussion, we need not hesitate to say, we gave perhaps less weight than it should have had, in remarking on the *coup d'état*; though we are yet doubtful how far the unexpected moderation with which absolute power has been used, may also have had its influence in winning people to acquiesce in it. But be this as it may, we cannot discard either consideration in now speaking of the French Emperor, nor refuse to see that what does not necessarily stain a man for ever in the sight of God, may be atoned for even in the sight of man. Certainly the new despotism, as we pointed out some months ago, is infinitely more deserving of respect than any of the old; and if so great a people chooses to submit to one man, let him not be denied the credit, if it be really due to him, of at least aiming to do for his country what it ought to be doing for itself.

This has been the general character of Louis Napoleon's imperial policy. He has used his power as one mindful of its responsibilities. He has benefited France by many wise acts of domestic policy, and in his foreign relations has won a character for fair and honorable dealing which had not been obtained by any of her later kings. He has swept away the rotten state-craft piled up as a barrier between Great Britain and France, and has enabled the two nations to display their highest qualities to each other. Undoubtedly of all men he has done the most to establish firmly an alliance, which, if it should last, will prove a greater blessing to the world than any one political event recorded in its history. To all this none of us can affect indifference, even though we make no secret of the lurking distrust which will cling, in spite of it, to a man once guilty of treachery. There is a time always possible, however, when an offence not to be justified may yet be forgiven; and we shall have no need to feel shame if distrust itself dies out in the course of years, when the Emperor Napoleon, if so great a destiny be reserved for him, shall have established his claim to honor not only as the representative of a great na-

tion, but as a prince worthy of the nation, he represents.

To speed such a time is the wish of all men eager for the freedom of both countries; and while everything would seem to tell us that the time is approaching, we shall think it not merely expedient but right to avoid harsh references to the past. It is not difficult to be wickedly virtuous, and a thousand contemptuous things are sooner said than one wise one. But the English people have shown the right instinct in their greeting of the French Emperor. While the fate of Europe depends on the character of the news now arriving from hour to hour, at a time when Austria again displays her faithlessness, and the future peace of the world hangs on the good faith and sincerity of the English and French alliance, it was well done to accept as a sincere friend the ruler who presented himself in friendship. He had chosen that part deliberately. The alternative was open to him; and he might have been, what as a Bourbon he doubtless would have preferred to be, among the number of our unscrupulous enemies.

From The Spectator, 21 April.

THE Emperor of the French seems to have conferred a holiday on the English people wherever he went. The week has been a festival not set down beforehand in the calendar. Work was not so absolutely suspended as it is during established festivals; but there was more of gayety and splendor than we have been accustomed to witness within the present generation. Louis Napoleon is well acquainted with England and its people, but he must have seen both in a new light during his progress. The programme was very simple; and a considerable part of that which has constituted the great demonstration and show was got up spontaneously by the people themselves. A fleet was prepared to act as a guard of honor on the passage from Calais; the Prince Consort went to meet the Emperor and Empress at Dover; but it was the people that dressed the shores and cliffs of that town with crowds eager to see and to participate in giving the welcome; it was "intelligent commercial enterprise" that converted the Lord Warden Hotel into a temporary residence of state. It was the people that filled every station on the railway with life, and lined the whole course of the transit through London. A grand reception on Monday, a review on Tuesday, and an installation of the Garter on Wednesday, were matters of course during an Imperial visit at Windsor and the admission of the Emperor to the Chivalrous Order; but the visit to the City on Thursday became an affair of state, because the immense masses of people that were drawn to the line of the procession entailed the necessity of preserving order by

adequate masses of police and soldiery. For many a year nothing equal to that scene has been witnessed in this country. The funeral of the Duke of Wellington, with which it is constantly compared, drew perhaps equal numbers; but the occasion was sombre, the day was cold, the career of England's hero had closed. There was no curiosity for anything but the bare witnessing of a funeral pageantry; whereas on this occasion there was the adventurous Emperor, the lovely Empress, a brilliant day in this brilliant April, and no funereal restraint upon the holiday-making spirit of the people. The ceremony within the Guildhall went off in a manner to satisfy even Lord Mayor Moon—it was complete. The literature of the address presented by the Corporation was neat and eloquent: the Emperor made a reply professing his deep gratitude to the Queen for this opportunity of expressing himself to the English people, and repeating sentiments that are the established political morals of the day, with a force and felicity of diction that will convert the Guildhall reply into an historical morceau. The state visit to the Opera late in the evening was something more than the night reflex of that day pageantry. Perhaps the streets of London have never been so densely thronged by the crowds which were entangled with each other; and the confusion might have been serious, but for the illuminations that at once collected and lighted up the eddying multitude. The scene within the theatre stands by itself in the recollection of all who shared in it. The stage, thronged with volunteer performers for the occasion—the house newly decorated with white and gold—the brilliantly dressed audience, brought to its climax in the Emperor's box, where Queen and Empress, Emperor and Prince, looked upon the multitude that looked in turn—formed a spectacle never before witnessed in London. The audience admired the stage, the stage admired the audience, in mutual surprise at the coup d'œil. A visit to the Crystal Palace, where the Imperial travellers wandered with their Royal friends amid the newest fabrics, the last nicknacks, and the model mammoths—with a concert at Buckingham Palace last night—closed the programme, and left the guests free for departure to-day. The visit of Napoleon the Third will be associated in the memory of the English people with one of the most unexpected and brilliant holidays that the busy metropolis has ever enjoyed.

It will no doubt be associated in history with other events. During the short residence of Napoleon at Windsor Castle there has been little obvious movement among the Ministerial class—so little as to be remarkable. Occasionally Lord Palmerston has been caught passing from London to Windsor; Lord Clar-



endon has turned up now and then. It has been observed that Napoleon was engaged in deep conversation with Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge: it is not to be supposed that the Duke then settled the destinies of Europe; and Prince Albert understands our constitution too well to interfere technically in such affairs. But have these been the only conversations? It is not probable. Other Sovereigns have visited this country, and after they went away—long after—we have discovered that *something* passed while they were here. There were conversations glancing at the Spanish marriages when Louis Philippe met Lord Aberdeen casually at Eu. Years after the fact, we discovered that in 1844 the Emperor of Russia had left in London a memorandum glancing at "the sick man." It does not seem improbable that *something* should have occurred now. Other things might have been in discussion besides the Crimea or the distribution of labor in that direction. There are eventualities and contingencies elsewhere. An obvious subject for consideration might be the Rhine boundary. If Austria were doubtful, there is another boundary which would not have been discussed for the first time—the Adige. In his reply to the London Corporation, the Emperor alluded to the desire in this country and in France for abolishing slavery, and the hope of ameliorating all the countries of Europe. The words might suggest new hopes even in France that certain charities would begin at home; and who can calculate the possible course of Napoleon the Third? Who can presume what consequences may or may not follow a visit which certainly has not been all pageantry?

From The Spectator, 21 April.

THE Emperor's visit has passed like a dream in its pageantry and its popular excitement, but not like a dream in its practical import or consequences. It has been at once a revelation to us English of great facts in the state of Europe and of great facts in the state of our own mind. We have just been viewing the Emperor Napoleon the Third entirely upon the splendid side of his character: it is not very long since we were viewing him entirely on the dark side; yet there must—as philosophers tell us, to prove the divisibility of matter—always be two sides to anything. That which is true of each must remain so permanently; it only becomes false when we see but one half and forget or ignore the other.

Nothing that we said of Louis Napoleon in 1851 was untrue of that personage. It was not alone the violent and subversive character of the coup d'état that occasioned the revolution in this country; it was, that an adventurer seized the opportunity, when a nation was divided and unguarded, to grasp power, not for

a popular purpose, for a faction, or even for a legitimate tradition, but for his own personal aggrandizement. He took upon himself to override every kind of law, and carried violence to cold cruelty. As soon, however, as an immense majority of the French nation confirmed the extended lease of power, the coup d'état was condoned: and the country, impelled by whatever motives, pass a vote which, as we remarked at the time, "entitled its ruler to a tolerance and recognition on the part of foreign Governments, to which for the previous three weeks he had no claim." It is not uninteresting to note that the foreign Governments received the Prince President at the time, and on his assumption of the title of Emperor, in a fashion very different, very characteristic, and not without some relation to the present posture of the Powers of Europe. England never withheld her recognition, but accepted the accepted of France. Austria showed an inclination to countenance him from his first concentration of power. The Prussian view was more largely mingled with distrust and apprehension. Russia was silent in 1851, and refused to greet the Emperor as "Sir, my brother."

Louis Philippe was the first reigning French Monarch who visited this country of his own free will; but that occurrence was as different from the present as some other royal visits. The Emperor of All the Russias came upon us suddenly and privately. He received an invitation to Windsor Castle, as a travelling knight-errant might whose incognito had been penetrated, after he had privately passed a night at the Russian Embassy. We had French princes here before Louis Philippe—for the princes of both countries have by Norman title or other pretensions, claimed the territories of either country. More than one, unceremoniously expelled from his own land, has sought ours as a refuge. Louis the Eighteenth and his brother preceded Louis Philippe in the capacity of fugitive; and when the bourgeois king came, although policy was at the bottom of that courtesy, (as it was at the bottom of every thing that he did,) and although he took part in the state ceremonies, there was still a studied air of homeliness in his visit. He was a good and virtuous man, after the ordinary type; a kind of splendid emperor of the middle classes; full of middle-class maxims—love of peace, cultivation of trade, essentially civil, and thoroughly retail in his ideas. He relied upon the "entente cordiale" to obtain the support of this country, whom he outwitted in the Spanish marriage. He relied upon the National Guards, who were outwitted at once by the numerous French class of adventurer-statesmen and by the proletaires.

Whatever deliberate judgment may pro-

nounce upon the comparative frankness of Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon,—a problem that we could not possibly solve in this year 1855,—it is undoubted that the actions of the Emperor constitute more substantial pledges for his professions. The absolute Emperor does more than the constitutional King to bring about a social and commercial intercourse between the peoples under the political alliance of the Government.

There are other differences. When Louis Philippe came, the French people said that he bore with him "disgraceful concessions" to the British Government—the Pritchard indemnity and the treaty of Morocco. They discountenanced his visit, and he came on his own responsibility. It is exactly the reverse now; bearing the credentials of the people in a formal sense, Napoleon the Third has obtained no more general and pleased recognition by his own people than in undertaking this visit. The crowned family man left his wife behind him, and only brought her and the princes his children when he came as "Mr. Smith." Napoleon leads the Empress Eugénie in his hand: he is therefore the first reigning monarch with rising power who visits this court in a complete style, pledged to the alliance by his own actions, a learner of our own favorite commercial doctrines of free trade. Many a man who has quietly succeeded to his throne has perpetrated crimes in the use of his power outweighing more than the easy service of receiving his inheritance in an orderly way. Louis Napoleon perpetrated wrong in the acquisition of power; in the use of it he has won our applause, substantiated in our alliance.

But those who cheered his progress from port to castle, and from royal palace to civic hall, were thinking far more of the individual than of the sovereign: and very naturally. As a man, Louis Napoleon is far more remarkable than as the potentate Napoleon the Third. Although most men in this country would decline to gamble with Fortune as he did, and would not covet the power that he sought through such means, yet they cannot withhold an interest in his adventurous career. The man whom so recently they have familiarly seen, apparently idling his time with precarious subsistence, a dweller upon sufferance amongst ourselves, is now at the head of Europe. Romance cannot tell a more wonderful story; and the hero of it has been a living man within our own sight and knowledge. It was impossible that the crowds assembled in London this week, and thus reading the great book of romance spread out before them in real life, could fail to look upon its hero with more admiration than we regard the first actor of any stage; for no stage is so vast as his, no actor in the most effective drama so absolutely real. But curiosity and

amusement were justified in their admiration on reflection, because of the alliance which he represented and of its consequences. The mob cheered for its love of the pageantry, and felt that it was virtuous in cheering. The humor of the hour was intoxication under a pious sanction—a region into which human nature always rushes with a wondrous gusto.

But the lesson was not purely critical. Possibly we have been making large mistakes; possibly we have been misappreciating something besides Napoleon. Our own quiet life, during the latter years of the peace, had made us slumber in an unbroken routine until we began to think that Routine was the last temporal ruler of the world. Personal influence, we supposed, had passed away. Enlightened self-interest was henceforward to guide affairs, which would govern themselves smoothly by their own weight and profitableness. They entertained the same idea in France. Louis Philippe thought that he had put his business into such train that it would give him no further trouble. The Revolution itself, which broke in upon that dream, had its routine; it proceeded upon its own dogma of self-government, and chose the most virtuous man, Cavaignac, to be its President. Suddenly, Louis Napoleon breaks in upon the peaceable machinery of these dogmatic institutions; becomes the Elected of December over the head of the virtuous man; and is allowed to take the means of mastering an empire and mounting upon its throne.

It is an example of perfect success in a man at whose attempts we once laughed. He knows at least the science of perseverance and opportunity. He has not always been able to make his opportunities, though sometimes he did that; but he has used those that others would have let go by. When the bourgeois King had the Napoleon in his clutches, the prisoner of Ham invested a part of his leisure in that scheme for the extinction of pauperism which went far to procure the vote for the Elected of December. A paltry Chartist hubbub on the 10th of April enabled the exile, with a badge on his arm and a wooden baton, to give earnest of that esteem for England which made him aid in defending her institutions, and which has helped to procure the present alliance. France had a revolution, and he offered a President for whom Bonapartists could vote and proletaires could wish. Once on that vantage-ground, he could realize a general feeling that the tenure of power was too precarious. He proved how precarious it was by the coup d'état, and by the plebiscite how permanent it may be made. He attempted to establish a spurious Latin influence in the East,—a trifle, a toy, which drew him into a scrape; but, cleverly used, the scrape became a great quarrel in which the latent ene-

my of Europe was exposed, and terminated in the alliance that clenches the power of the Emperor Napoleon the Third. The lord paramount of the Continent, who refused to call him "Sir, my brother," is worried to death; his heir succeeding to a vast war, a doubtful finance, and a throne for whose insurance any office would exact an enhanced rate of premium.

There is here not only that success which always commands vulgar esteem, but something which shows that the man had learned the science of accumulating power better than those who had previously made it their business. Our own statesmen thought themselves perfect in the art. We had conceived the notion that personal influence was for ever to be merged in "the general interest." Louis Philippe extended that philosophy to France, and applied to it the managing arts of our public men: the revolution of 1848 itself was based upon the idea that reason, conviction, and historical precedent, will determine the destiny of peoples, and that a yet *more* enlightened self-interest would override the claims of class, as class had overridden those of person. Na-

poleon the Third is, and the doctrine is refuted. Devoid he may be of feelings and reflections that restrain some men who could excel him in the library or in the senate, but who had forgotten that instruments for governing peoples lie in the arsenal and in the great physical passions by which multitudes are ruled. What they forgot he remembered; and the statesmanship of quietism thus abandoned to him the monopoly of supreme power. Most men, it has been observed, whom we call "great," have achieved their greatness somewhat lawlessly. Perhaps this means that their greatness consists in their better appreciation of great forces, and their sympathy with the large passions that move whole races. A Louis Philippe triumphed because he thought that the car of state had fallen into a rut, and he could never get his country nearer to ours than the "entente cordiale." Louis Napoleon wrenches the state from its rut, without a prayer to Hercules; and we have under the usurping despot an alliance which promises to give to each country the United strength and wealth of both.

From Punch.

## TWO VISITORS.

APRIL 24, 1837.

FIVE hundred years and two have passed, upon their silent way,

Since a twenty-fourth of April blushed into rud-dy day,

On fishing huts of Greenwich, on waste wolds of Blackheath,

On quaint peaked roofs of London bridge, on peopled Thames beneath.

On ways astir with people, from each hamlet, vill, and town,

That lies along broad Watling Street, all to-wards London bounce—

From Dartford, Crayford, Erith, from Green-wich, Eltham, Lee—

Shipmen and priests, and gentles, and stalwart yeomanry.

There is crowding and carousing in Southwark hostels wide,

There are banners at the Bridge-towers, gay barges on the tide;

The carven house-fronts flaunt with flags, and glow with arras rare,

And St. Saviour's bells are clashing in the sweet spring-morning air.

Substantial men of livery their gowns and chains put on,

City-wives their gayest 'kerchiefs and richest kirtles don:

And the pageants of the guilds and crafts nod, high above the crowd,  
Each with its train of mummers and its noise of minstrels loud.

To-day from Dartford Londonwards the good BLACK PRINCE doth ride;

With his gallant knights from Gascony, and the French King at his side,

Ta'en prisoner at Poitiers, on the plain of Mau-pertius,

With his son, the young LORD PHILIP, so what mar'le folk crowd to see!

They have waited for an hour or more—the sun climbs up the sky,

When, lo! a buzz from streets below, a peal from steeples high;

A pulse-like thrill of trumpets shrill, and fifes and doubling drum,

Then a shout that rends the welkin, proclaim-ing, "Here they come!"

There ride the Knights and Men-at-Arms of Poitou and Touraine,

D'ALBRET, CHAUMONT, DE MONTFERRAND, DE BUCH and DE LA TRAINÉ,

True liegemen of our English king, avouchers of his right,

At Crecy, and at Calais, and Romorantin's fight.

And there the green-coat archers of merry Eng-land go,

Each with his sheaf of cloth-yard shafts, and his six foot yew-tree bow:

Knaves who at six-score paces will yerk through  
plate and mail—  
I trow the French knights rug the hour they  
faced that iron hail!

There rides the LORD JAMES AUDLEY, the  
bravest man that day,  
And near him the four trusty squires, who saw  
him through the fray—  
DUTTON and DELVES and FOWLEHURST, and  
HAWKSTONE of Wainehill—  
Names glib in many a mouth that morn,—thank  
God, remembered still.

How tell the Knights that came beside—sounds  
still to England dear—  
BEAUCHAMP and BERKELEY, MONTACUTE, DE  
MAULEY, and DE VERE—  
STAFFORD and SPENCER, D'ERESBY, and CHAN-  
DOS—names of pride,  
Hailed by the crowd with loud acclaim, as armed  
at point they ride!

But who is this, that cheering turns to blessing  
on each tongue,  
That every cap is sudden doffed—each hand in  
greeting flung?—  
Are they for him, that humbly rides on a low  
and sorry hack,  
Armed, save the bare and gracious head, in ar-  
mor plain and black?

Are they for him, these blessings, this greeting  
far and wide,  
Or rather for the stately form that rideth at his  
side,  
Right royally apparelled, on a destrier white as  
milk,  
Half hid 'neath blazoned housings of sendal and  
of silk?

That mean knight is the good BLACK PRINCE—  
the flower of chivalrie—  
And by his side, the French King, JOHN, brought  
captive over sea—  
He is the first French reigning King, that e'er  
trod London ground—  
And thus he treads it—English throats, shout!  
English steeples, sound.

APRIL 19, 1855.

Pass on five hundred years less two—as bright  
an April day,  
Ways as alive with people—and streets with flags  
as gay;  
All else how changed! the houses, the garb of  
all those swarms,—  
For pageants, new Policemen; Life-Guards, for  
Men-at-arms.

Nor less changed, than change of fashion in  
houses, manners, men,  
Than pageant ousted by police, or sword replac-  
ed by pen,  
The cause that peoples thus the streets—yet in  
some sort the same—  
A reigning King of France is here—the third that  
ever came—

Dethroned French Kings we've had enow—LOUIS  
LE DESIRE,  
CHARLES DIX—and he who came once King,  
and twice as *émigré*:  
But when was ORLEANS welcomed, LOUIS PHI-  
LIPPE, or JOHN SMITH,—  
For all the *bourgeois* manners, and the English  
name therewith,—

As this man has been welcomed, spite of check-  
ered life and fame:  
Whom many only name to curse, whom none,  
unblamed, can name:  
Who, with a silent, patient faith, still following  
his star,  
Clomb to that throne, whose lowest step seemed  
from him, once, so far:

Who, that step reached, sprang sudden up, reck-  
less on what he trode,  
And to a wonder-stricken world, a seated mo-  
narch showed—  
With a strong hand, an iron bit, sharp spur, and  
rider's skill,  
Guiding the fiery mood of France, and winding  
it at will?

Nor wanted there the nation's voice—if to vouch  
that were need—  
He can show seven million hands set to his title-  
deed.  
The dynasties that he displaced can plead no  
equal claim,  
Not even that great conqueror, of whom he bears  
the name.

He with his own hand set the Crown on that  
broad brow of his;  
But for one voice to ratify that deed, two sanc-  
tioned this.  
For oaths, what King e'er kept them, when po-  
licy said "break?"  
If precedents can justify, defence were soon to  
make.

Nor small share in this welcome is hers, who sits  
by thee,  
Like a pale blush rose planted by a dark rock-  
rooted tree,  
The people's voice approves the choice, made  
not for royal race,  
But, better, for a gentle heart and for a sweet,  
sweet, face.

The crowd's untutored chivalry goes with that  
bonny bride,  
Whose beauty wears the trace of cares—what  
wonder, by thy side?—  
Goes with her love, her hopes, her fears—prays  
that her fate may prove  
More kind than hapless JOSEPHINE'S—unblessed  
by pledge of love.

But little England reasons to-day of what hath  
been;  
She honors England's ally, and the guest of  
England's QUEEN,  
Him who with her in France's name strikes for  
the right and true;  
Him who has shown, that what he wills, he is  
the man to do!



Then let them call us fickle, unstable—tongue and pen—

Cheer we this EMPEROR, who shows, at least, a man to men—

Thanking the change of times that brings this day to Britain's shore,

The LORD of FRANCE, our ally—not our captive, as of yore.

#### THE CONFERENCES.

SOME of our contemporaries appear to be much surprised by the attitude which Austria has assumed in the Vienna Conferences. For so many months it has been laid down in so positive a manner that the young Emperor Francis Joseph is the very soul of chivalry, that Count Buol is the most straightforward of statesmen, and that the whole Austrian Cabinet is prepared to go heart and hand with the allies against Russia, that the surprise now expressed is perhaps not unnatural. Never having entertained that confidence, we do not participate in the astonishment. We have repeatedly stated our reasons for believing that Austria is not in a position (notwithstanding her enormous army and the vital interests she has at stake) to venture on provoking the hostility of Russia. We have not hesitated to express our conviction that she would use the preponderance she has so imprudently been allowed to acquire, in order to extort from the allies the terms least disadvantageous to Russia which they can possibly agree to. Accordingly, Austria has led them throughout, by the lure of her promised co-operation, to postpone decisive measures against the Russians until the latter were prepared for the attack. We have the authority of Lord John Russell for stating that the disastrous delay in sending the expedition from Varna to the Crimea was induced by the counsels of Austria. It is therefore to these counsels that the sufferings of our gallant army and the protracted defence of Sebastopol must mainly be attributed. For such services the chivalrous young Emperor will of course receive his reward. Successful hitherto in "holding with the hare and hunting with the hounds," if he can now make use of the neutral position he has been strangely allowed to retain, in such manner as to drive his allies into accepting a hollow and dishonourable peace, the triumph of Austrian diplomacy will be complete indeed.

One advantage, however, has resulted from these negotiations. It must now, we should imagine, be evident even to Lord Aberdeen, that the influence and power of Russia are dangerous to some other European powers as well as to Turkey. The *Times* laments feelingly and justly that almost all the German princes should have fallen into vassalage to the Czar. We trust that we shall never again hear Prussia spoken of as an effectual barrier

against Russian aggression; and the foolish but fatal notion "that in Eastern affairs England ought to follow the lead of Austria," will, we sincerely believe, be now finally expunged from the maxims of British diplomacy. Lord Palmerston begins indeed to afford some unequivocal signs that the day for such puerilities is passed. The little-war system of carrying on hostilities without a loan is at an end; and Government no longer timidly shrinks from employing the Polish prisoners taken at Bomarsund, or Polish refugees who are willing to serve against Russia.

From the Examiner, 21 April.

#### OUR AUSTRIAN ALLIES.

THE unfortunate inhabitants of the Danubian Principalities appear doomed to suffer martyrdom under the name of protection. One day it is the Russians who protect them much against their will. And no sooner do the Russians retire, than their place is supplied by protectors in comparison with whom the Russians are civilized, namely, by Austrian troops. The following letter, giving an account of their proceedings, has appeared in the *Times*, and the friends and connections of Austria in Belgium have naturally thought it required some apology. It is therefore alleged that the Croats are not properly Austrian troops, but Croations in the pay of Austria. This is exactly as if one should say, supposing excesses to have been committed by a Highland regiment in the English service, that they were not English soldiers who had misbehaved themselves, but Highlanders in the pay of England. The Croations do not perhaps speak German, and therefore in one sense they are not Austrians. But they are just as much Austrians as nine-tenths of the Austrian army, which fortunately for its fighting qualities numbers very few Germans, in its ranks. It has been "the fierce Croatian and the wild Hussar," who not only in the days of Maria Theresa, but in all times, have won such victories as the House of Hapsburg can boast of. The scene of the following tragedy is at Krajova, the capital of Little Wallachia:—

"On the 25th of February some Croat soldiers, who are brothers in sanguinary instincts to the Russians, entered by force a private house in Krajova, where they ill-treated and murdered the mistress of the house, and dangerously wounded the husband. The Government intervened, and by menaces and persecutions prevented the inhabitants from following up the matter as they had determined, by carrying their complaint to the foot of the Sultan's throne. You will not be surprised at the shameful conduct of our Government when you learn that Prince Sirbey entered the country at the tail of the Austrian artillery.

"On the 11th of March an Austrian officer who was passing along the principal street of Krajova, perceiving a lady at the window whom he considered pretty, entered the house and ascended to the apartment. The lady understanding that the man had come with intentions dishonorable to her, opposed his entering her room, and when he forced his way in uttered loud cries for help. The people in the neighborhood ran to acquaint the husband of what was passing, and the latter ran to his house, and said to the officer, 'What do you want here, sir; whom are you seeking? I do not know you. You are not billeted in my house, and this lady whom you are insulting is my wife.' He had scarcely said these words when the officer drew his sword, plunged it into the bosom of the unfortunate husband, and then marched off, as if he had performed some noble feat of arms. The woman uttered cries of despair when she beheld the deed. The neighbors crowded into the house, and the sight of the corpse bathed in a pool of blood excited a sentiment of horror and a thirst for vengeance. Some hastened to announce the murder to the authorities, others sent off couriers to Kalafat, in order to inform the Turkish Commandant, who lost no time in sending to Krajova a battalion of infantry, a squadron of cavalry and artillery, and the greater part proceeded to the quarters of the Austrian General to demand justice and reparation. The latter told them that they might go to the —; that he would not punish his brave soldiers for the sake of fellows of their description. The brutal reply excited general indignation, and the inhabitants finding themselves aggrieved in what they hold most sacred—their honor, property, and lives,—assembled at different points of the town, and closed their shops. The rallying cry was, 'Death to the Austrians. One against four! Let the people of Bucharest submit to be slaughtered like cattle, if such is their pleasure.' A general rising ensued, and the inhabitants, armed with sticks, iron bars, and axes, attacked the Austrians they met in the streets, and put them to death. The Austrians, on their side, turned out in arms, formed in line, and charged the people, killing about 40 persons. The fury of the population redoubled. The Rouman soldiers and the national Gendarmes also drew up in battle array, rushed upon the Austrians with fixed bayonets, and drove them out of the town with considerable slaughter; 300 Austrians and 50 Roumans lay dead on the field. These Austrian soldiers, so ardent for plunder and murder, were unable to resist the impetuosity of their assailants. Our men afterwards re-entered the town, and the Austrians remained encamped in the neighboring fields, after burying their dead, without daring to return. The Government found it necessary to interfere. The chief of the police of Bucharest repaired to Krajova to inquire into the affair, and notwithstanding his anxiety to exonerate the Austrians from all blame, he was obliged to admit their guilt. The administrator of the town was superseded in his post, because he too warmly defended his fellow-citizens. The shops are still closed, and the Austrians continue in their camp outside the town. The exasperation of the people has not abated. They loudly insist on the formation of

a high commission, and are determined to send a deputation to Constantinople to demand justice from the Sultan, in virtue of the first clause of the capitulation signed by Mohammed II, in 1460, in favor of the Roumans, and by which the Sultan undertakes, in his own name, and in that of his successors, to protect Wallachia, and to defend it against every enemy, requiring only supremacy over that principality, the *Woiwodes* of which shall be held to pay the Sublime Porte a tribute of 10,000 piastres.' This deputation will certainly leave for Constantinople if the Prince does not oppose its departure. Such are the sufferings of this kind, peaceable, and hospitable people. Will it be believed that these atrocities have been perpetrated in the 19th century, and at a period when civilization is engaged in a powerful crusade against barbarism?

\* P. S.—The number of victims to the brutality of the Austrians hitherto known is 247. This number is official."

The inhabitants of Wallachia and Moldavia constitute four out of those then millions of Christians whose oppression at the hands of the Turks is so feelingly lamented by Mr. Cobden and the Philo-Russian party. In the bad old Turkish times, however, a Turkish soldier never set his foot in those provinces. They were plundered by their native princes (for the last century generally appointed through Russian influence,) but they did not suffer from the insults to which they are at present subjected, except when their Christian protectors insisted on occupying the country. The Cossack and the Croat are, however, chartered libertines in the eyes of our Manchester statesmen. The Turk cannot look across the Danube without these Philo-Russians raising an outcry, but they say not a word when Russian and Austrian marauders drive the unfortunate Wallachian peasants from their homes to seek protection from the barbarous Mohammedans, or to perish miserably, as thousands have done, by the road. The interests of Christianity and civilization excuse, according to Mr. Cobden, these and many similar atrocities. The Constantinople correspondent of the *Times* said the other day that the treaties under which Russia claimed her protectorate being abrogated, the Porte would insist that those provinces should revert to their ancient state of complete subjection. It would be well if a slight acquaintance with the history of the country to which he is sent were considered a qualification for the correspondent of a newspaper. The Porte never claimed or exercised absolute sovereignty over Wallachia or Moldavia. It was always satisfied with its title under the very liberal capitulations entered into when those countries originally submitted to the Sultan. To talk of their reverting to a state of absolute subjection in consequence of the treaties with Russia being abrogated, is sheer nonsense.

From The Economist, 14 April.

### OUR SEVERAL COURSES.—PEACE OR WAR?

THE conferences are about to reopen at Vienna. And while our Ministers, who unquestionably are sincerely desirous of peace if a reasonable peace can be obtained, are endeavoring to ascertain whether terms can be discovered which we can without weakness concede and Russia without humiliation accept, it will be well for the English people to consider whether they really wish for peace, and what sort of a peace they will sanction.

Peace, we have no doubt, can be obtained. It would be idle to suppose that so many eminent statesmen have congregated at Vienna without a real wish to terminate hostilities, if any satisfactory plan of doing so can be devised. Austria desires peace at almost any price, because as yet she has suffered in nothing but her purse, and because every hour that the present state of things endures is fraught to her with perils of many kinds and of the most serious degree. Russia desires peace on any terms that will enable her Czar to represent himself to his own subjects and to observant Asia as not having been vanquished even by the formidable confederacy which we have formed against him. France, we suspect, desires peace on any terms which shall be not inglorious. And England desires peace on any terms which shall satisfy us that we have attained at least a considerable portion of the objects for which we entered into the war. If the diplomatists of the several nations, therefore, are so minded, we do not suppose that it would be very difficult to agree on terms which would enable all of the belligerents to represent themselves, with great plausibility, as having come off with honor and success, and might mutually save each other's sensibility from any very severe mortification.

We do not for one moment alter the conviction we have repeatedly expressed, that terms of peace which do not involve the ostensible, entire, and compelled abandonment of Russia's notorious designs upon Turkey, will be *unsatisfactory* to us, as leaving the same battle to be fought on some subsequent and possibly still more inconvenient occasion; and that terms which do involve this abandonment Russia will not yet submit to, and we are not yet entitled or able to dictate. But it may often be wise policy to be content with a portion, rather than encounter much loss and risk much evil in the endeavor to obtain the whole of our objects; and belligerents who have only fought an equal and doubtful battle cannot, of course, expect to be as potential in their negotiations for peace as if their success had been signal, rapid, and overpowering. It may possibly be judicious to come to terms, under

the actual circumstances of the war, though these terms are by no means all that we should desire, nor all that a further prosecution of hostilities might enable us to extort.

It cannot be denied that there are several considerations of no mean weight which may well dispose this country to conclude peace on terms which six months ago she would have held a poor equivalent for her exertions and a poor realization of her hopes. It cannot be denied that events have not marched quite at the pace nor exactly in the direction which we then anticipated. We then fancied that signed treaties had secured the actual neutrality of Prussia:—we now find that that neutrality is as hollow and as false as ever, and likely to remain so; and we are alike unwilling to tolerate the slippery and deceitful policy of that wily Power, and to punish it by the decisive measures which possibly might only extend and prolong the war. We then fancied that the active co-operation of Austria was secured both by promises and interest; and that when her 500,000 men were added to the forces of the Allies, Russia must perforce give in. We have not found it so; a year has now elapsed since we discussed fully in this journal the probabilities *pro* and *con* of the Austrian alliance as a belligerent reality; yet the question is an undecided problem still, and the last fortnight has revived doubts and misgivings that had begun to slumber. Austria has struck no single blow; she has given us no real or effective aid; she has committed herself by nothing more serious than words; and it is but too true that her conduct has served Russia at least as effectively as it has benefited the Allies. She has pertinaciously hung back whenever we have endeavored to rouse her to auxiliary action, and she has left us to encounter the whole risk and burden of a struggle of which yet, it is obvious enough, she designs to reap the principal advantage. And if rumors, which are repeated with increasing confidence and which are not devoid of intrinsic probability, are to be trusted, she is at this moment displaying almost alarming disposition to let Russia off on very easy terms, and to withdraw from our alliance in case we insist on harder ones.

It is not to be denied, further, that, in our attempt to reduce Russia to submission, we have encountered more serious obstacles and a more obstinate resistance than we anticipated. It is true that Russia has been invariably beaten in the field by the Turks as well as by the French and English. It is true that she recrossed the Pruth,—whether from necessity, from policy, or out of real fear of the Austrians, we need not now discuss. But still we have invaded her territory, and have gained nothing by it. She has poured in reinforcements to the seat of conflict far faster than we

have done; and she has strengthened her fortifications twice as fast as we have damaged them. It must be admitted that we have failed before Sebastopol—*hitherto*—as signally as she failed before Silistria. What we *may* do, cannot be foreseen: but up to the present moment her progress has been greater than our own. We are not of those who regard the expedition to the Crimea as a mistake. We urged it early in the day. We rejoiced when it was decided upon. But we never expected or intended a long siege. If we had not believed that a *coup-de-main* would have been resorted to at once, we should have felt more than doubtful as to the wisdom of an invasion of the Russian territory. As it is, however, we must admit that it has turned out unfortunately. From some cause or other our losses have been frightful and our profit has been microscopic. We have displayed marvellous valor in fight, marvellous patience in suffering,—but we have made no way. We have lost 20,000 men, and we have not gained land enough to make them 20,000 graves. The impression is gaining ground among the best informed that, unless we are prepared to change our whole tactics and to act on a far grander scale, we cannot take Sebastopol, and that we could not keep it if we did. These considerations may well make us reflect whether a reasonable though not a glorious peace may not be preferable to the continuance of such a disastrous and unadvancing war. May not negotiations which will bring us some profit, be better than hostilities which bring us nothing but gladiatorial renown?

Finally. The disasters of the first campaign, and the complicated mismanagement which they have unveiled and in which most of them originated, suggest two conclusions, and suggest them in no mild or hesitating tones. It is obvious that we were not prepared for the task we had undertaken; that from some cause or other, from long inaction or constitutional inaptitude, from bad appointments, from rusty habits, or from defective organization, our military system was inadequate to the stern and multitudinous requirements of sudden war. Our means were not proportionate to our aim. We had embarked in an enterprise not beyond our strength, but beyond the actual condition and development of that strength. Our magnificent ship turned out to be leaky as soon as she encountered a storm in mid ocean. Her timbers were less sound, her captain less skillful, her crew and officers less experienced and handy than we had believed. What more natural than that she should return to port to refit, to train her men, to reorganize her discipline, possibly to change her commander or her hierarchy?

Without metaphor, may it not be wise to close with the proffered peace, even if by no

means all we desire or deserve, and profit by the lesson we have received, and the strange apocalypse of errors and incapacities and obsolete forms which the war has brought with it? It is not during the pressure of war, when everything has to be done in a hurry, that we can well, or thoroughly, or judiciously remodel a system which has turned out so startlingly imperfect and incompetent. The changes required must be well considered, and to all appearance will be of a nature and extent which will demand the sober and concentrated attention of all our ablest statesmen both in and out of Parliament. Peace only can give us the leisure, the quiet, and the safety necessary for such an Herculean labor.

Now we do not say that these considerations are *conclusive* to our minds in favor of accepting terms of peace far less satisfactory than those which a year ago we should have sturdily insisted on. But they are considerations of great weight, and which well deserve to be deliberately pondered, and which naturally enough may seem even more grave and powerful to the Ministers on whom lies the responsibility of the decision, than to the people who have merely to endure the burdens which that decision will affect. Sure we are, that if the country should be still resolved on war—and we express no opinion whether it will be or would be wise to be—it should be prepared to give a most attentive consideration to those alternative modes by which alone that war can be brought to a really successful issue, which next week we shall attempt to lay before it.

From the same paper, 21 April.

In last week's impression we pointed out a few of the considerations which might not unnaturally incline even sensible and thoughtful men to conclude a peace on terms materially short of our original and just demands. We by no means alleged that these considerations were conclusive: on the contrary, we are of opinion that many reflections promptly suggest themselves to make us pause before we consent to such an adjustment of the quarrel as will leave the matter in dispute either to possible evasion by the chapter of accidents, or to the solution of a bloody arbitrament at some future day. Two only of these can we touch upon here: it is for our readers to estimate their relative importance to antagonistic arguments.

If we make peace now, we shall have come out of the conflict with a military reputation and political prestige severely shaken. We shall have terminated disastrous hostilities by inconclusive negotiations. It cannot be denied that, though we have fought splendidly



we have suffered dreadfully, and failed indisputably. Our magnificent fleet has done next to nothing; our gallant army has lost nearly half its numbers and only gained two barren victories; our enormous preparations have ended in nothing; and, what is worse than all, our defective organization, our faulty system, our clumsy management, have become notorious to all the world. We have shown courage and endurance, but we have shown nothing else. We have been found wanting in some of the most essential requisites to success in war. We have proved ourselves formidable only on the actual field of battle. We have given our rivals and our enemies reason to suppose, that we are far less powerful than they have hitherto believed. We have given them grounds for inferring—we are satisfied that the inference would be a rash and false one, but it is not less likely to be made—that our institutions so impair the efficiency of both our civil and military service, that for offensive warfare we shall in future be little to be feared. Now we have many untried. Some envy our wealth; some abhor us for our liberalism; some hate us for our arrogance. And if once it were supposed that we might be braved and insulted with impunity, many would be the affronts which we should have to endure or resist, many the acts of ambition and iniquity—long meditated but postponed from dread of England's interference—which would seize the favorable moment for their perpetration. For three quarters of a century this country has never admitted or acquiesced in a defeat: were she to put up with even an apparent one now, were she to retire from the contest till some signal victory has retrieved the renown, not of her arms but of her policy and her organization, she might find that in closing one war she had sown the fertile seeds of many others. For the peace and safety of England success and renown are indispensable:—and that they are also within the grasp of her enormous wealth and her unbounded strength, if the one be well used, and the other skilfully put forth, no Englishman can doubt. It may well prove that to conclude an unsatisfactory peace now would be anything but a pacific policy.

Again. Though it is perfectly true that a time of actual hostilities is not favorable for a thorough and scrutinizing reorganization of our military system, yet there is too much reason to fear that it is only the pressing perils and casualties of war that will rouse that zeal in the country or give that power to the Minister which are needed to affect the indispensable reforms. The inveterate habit of the country is, as we well know, to go to sleep as soon as the immediate danger is over. When disasters are imminent and disappointment and disgrace are rife, John Bull gets furious

and insists upon an amended system; but as soon as peace and prosperity return, he "lets bygones be bygones," passes an act of indemnity to all delinquents not already punished, returns to the consideration of his own private affairs, and leaves his rulers to jog on as before, or to introduce such partial improvements as they may find easy or may deem desirable. Therefore, we feel no confidence that even the rude lesson we have received will not be forgotten as soon as preliminaries of peace shall have been signed. It would seem as if *instant danger* and *continuous calamity* were needed to keep us up to the proper pitch of reforming resolution; as if only through ruin could we reach redemption.

If, then, the considerations which we adduced last week should decide us to accept such a peace as our diplomatists can negotiate, it should be with the firm intention and the resolute determination to employ the leisure thus obtained in remodelling and over-hauling our entire military system; in bringing it up to the most perfect state of improvement and efficiency of which it is susceptible; in probing all its weak and diseased places, and removing all its sources of failure; in a word, in so profiting both by the experience of the war and the opportunities of the peace as to secure ourselves against the possibility of the recurrence of such calamities and humiliations as those which have attended our Crimean expedition. If, on the contrary, the countervailing considerations just alleged should prove most powerful, and we should resolve to prosecute the war to a really glorious and successful termination, then it behooves us courageously and dispassionately to look our prospects in the face, and see what course of action it would be wise to pursue, and what results it would be reasonable to expect and wise to be prepared for. We greatly question whether the whole matter has been really considered by any one in its completeness and its complication.

It seems more than probable that on first landing in the Crimea we might have taken Sebastopol by assault, with only a small portion of the loss we have since sustained in an ineffective siege. It seems probable enough, too, that we might then have succeeded in the more comprehensive and possibly wiser plan of driving the enemy out of the Crimea first, fortifying the only passes by which they could find access to it, and then returning to invest and reduce the great fortress at our leisure. It does not appear that either course is now open to us. We believe that the conviction of the most competent authorities is, that we can neither take nor keep Sebastopol unless we first invest it completely, and that to this undertaking our numbers are utterly inadequate; for we should not only have to double

the extent of our already too extensive lines, but should have to make head against the sorties of the garrison and the attacks of the relieving army — more numerous than our own — over a space of many miles. Yet it would appear as if our generals still persevere in the original enterprise, for they go on pushing parallels, making railways, bringing up ammunition, as if the bombardment were to begin to-morrow, and be followed by a regular storming. For six months they have been running a race with the Russians, and are distanced more and more completely every month, yet the race still continues. There seems no prospect of the original plan succeeding, yet no appearance of abandoning it; — no approximation either to an assault or to the raising of the siege. We neither bombard, nor assault, nor invest; but potter on as before, making trenches, erecting batteries, and accumulating stores.

Is there any better prospect of success by adopting the other scheme, and meeting the enemy in the field and driving him out of the Crimea? Scarcely, we fear. In the first place it may be questioned if we are strong enough both to do this and to defend our entrenchments; and if we were to abandon these and raise the siege, all our labor would have been lost, and railway, parallels, forts, and port would fall into the hands of the enemy — to say nothing of warlike stores. Moreover, the instant we move into the interior and follow the enemy (who, by the way, must know the ground infinitely better than we do), we shall need transport-horses and baggage-wagons for 100,000 men; and whence are we to obtain these? And how dare we, after the warning we have had, take steps which will isolate us from our ships and make us wholly dependent on that particular branch of our service (the commissariat) which has proved so defective? If, then, we cannot move, and dare not assault, and are not going to invest, — what do we propose to ourselves by remaining there at all? Must we not try on an entirely new tack?

We most earnestly deprecate anything like an invasion of Russia, even with the aid of Austria. We see that a campaign in Bessarabia is spoken of: we had thought history gave us warnings enough against such plans. Russia has only to retreat, and give up to ravage those frontier provinces which she has recently conquered and for whose desolation she cares little, to baffle the utmost efforts of the Allies. Had we been able to take Sebastopol and destroy Constant and menace St. Petersburg, we might possibly have brought her to terms; but we shall never do it by invasion. Russians never fight so well as on their own soil.

We believe there are only two ways of securing a successful termination of this unhappy

war: the first is by such a blockade of all her ports, *including those of Prussia*, as shall destroy her commerce, cripple her resources, shut up all her fleet mercantile and imperial in their harbors, and bring her Government to reason by bringing her nobles to privation and her merchants to discontent. To this we may add, if we please, the destruction of all the towns and ports which can be reached by a bombardment. By pursuing this plan we should be enabled to carry on the war at a very trifling cost, and with scarcely any inconvenience beyond the loss or the enhanced price of such articles of Russian produce as we could not easily procure elsewhere. We should ensure the sufferings of war and the consciousness of defeat and constraint being felt to the very heart of the Russian dominions; we should effect two of the objects of the war immediately and thoroughly for the time being, viz. the liberation of the Danube and the Euxine; Turkey would have breathing-time allowed her while her enemy was thus hermetically sealed; and if France and Austria chose to engage in more active operations on the more accessible portions of Muscovite territory, or to blockade the land-frontier of Prussia, they would be free to do so. Such an effectual *shutting-up* of Russia could not last for any considerable period without weakening her influence both over Germany, Asia, and the Scandinavian Powers far more than could be done by any sanguinary and doubtful conflicts.

Or if this plan be frowned upon as too indolent and unadventurous, there is but one other remaining — the success of which would be certain, if the Allies once determined to adopt it and carry it through, and if Englishmen are prepared to embrace it in its entirety and with all its issues, predicable and contingent. We may proclaim the re-establishment of Poland and take steps to aid in administering that great panacea to European *malaise*. If Austria consented to this, it might be done to-morrow; but is there any chance that Austria will consent? If Austria should not consent, and England and France hold it to be indispensable to success, then not only Poland, but Hungary and Italy must be set free; and will Napoleon III. feel his throne secure enough to venture to let loose such turbulent elements so near him? And if he does, are the ruling classes of Great Britain emancipated enough from their not irrational abhorrence of German Socialism — is their love of liberty sufficiently paramount over their dread of license — that they will throw themselves heartily into a struggle in which they will find themselves fighting side by side with such strange allies? We do not believe it, nor should we be content to see it. But all these things have to be considered; and the answer to them, we confess, is not ready. But of one thing we feel certain: —

that those who are not prepared to pay the price of success in this mighty struggle, had better back out of it while they may. To one thing we shall never be reconciled — against one folly we shall never cease to inveigh — the lazy imbecility which will neither do its work nor let it alone — which maunders on in the old track, and dawdles in a fashion which can never win either the blessings of peace or the honors of war.

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *Essai Historique et Philosophique sur les Noms d'Hommes, de Peuples, et de Lieux.* Par Eusébe Salverte, 2 vols. 8vo. Paris.
2. *On the Names, Surnames, and Nicknames of the Anglo-Saxons.* By J. M. Kemble, Esq. 8vo. London: 1846.
3. *An Essay on Family Nomenclature.* By Mark Anthony Lower. 3rd edition, 2 vols 8vo. London: 1846.
4. *Die Personennamen insbesondere die Familiennamen und ihre Entstehungsarten auch unter Berücksichtigung der Ortsnamen.* Von August Friedrich Pott, Professor der allgemeinen Sprachwissenschaft an der Universität zu Halle. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 721, Leipzig, Brockhaus: 1853.

'WHEN Adam delved and Eve span,' there were not only no gentlemen in the world, but every body was contented with a single name; and the good old rule, 'one person one name,' sufficed among all the children of men long after their language had been confounded at the Tower of Babel, and their races scattered abroad upon the face of the earth. In the early state of society, Abraham and Moses among the Jews, Achilles and Ulysses among the Greeks, were known to their respective contemporaries by the single names by which they are mentioned in Holy Writ, and in the poetry of Homer.

A later and higher state of civilization was accompanied, both in Greece and Rome, by the use of surnames. Distinctive additions, patronymical or local, added to the single name, will be familiar to most of our readers. Hecateus of Miletus, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Thucydides the son of Olorus, Socrates the son of Sophroniscus, Demosthenes the son of Demosthenes, were such. Of the three names which it became usual for Romans to bear, the first, or prænomen, corresponded to our baptismal name; the second indicated the gens; and the third, or cognomen, may be considered as corresponding to our hereditary family name. Marcus Tullius Cicero makes it known by his name that he is a member of the Cicero family, and that that family belonged to the gens Tullia.

If we pass from the Roman world to that which arose on its ruins, we shall find the

earlier practice restored. Neither the Germanic hero Arminius, nor the Celtic Caractacus, was distinguished by any additional epithet. The same simple practice prevailed generally throughout England during the whole of the Saxon period; and on the Continent under Charlemagne and many of those who followed him. The learning of antiquaries has discovered numerous instances of a surname or nickname being given in Saxon times, in addition to the ordinary name. Mucel (big,) from which our modern name Mitchell is derived, is one of them. The names used by our Saxon population before the Conquest may, from the time of their conversion to Christianity, be called names of baptism, but are not derived from the names of Christian saints, as John and James, Gregory and Lawrence, and so many other names introduced after the Conquest were.\* Each of the ordinary Saxon names had its well-known meaning, as Edward (Truth-keeper,) Wulfhelm (Wolfhead.)

In the present day the name of baptism is but seldom heard in England, except from master to servant, in conversation between persons who are extremely intimate, and on the celebration of ceremonies, such as those of baptism and marriage. But in some parts of the Continent the Christian name is, in the main, alone used; and we have ourselves known cases in which English gentlemen have spent much time in Calabria and La Puglia, and other parts of Italy, in daily intercourse with natives, by whom they were severally addressed as Signor Cristoforo or Don Roberto, and by whom the surname of either gentleman was never pronounced. In England, under Queen Elizabeth and James I., 'special heed was taken to the name of baptism,' because, as Lord Coke lays it down, 'a man cannot have two names of baptism, as he may have divers surnames.' The name of baptism could be changed at Confirmation only. 'And thus,' says the same great lawyer, 'was the case of Sir Francis Gawdie, late Chief

\* The special devotion of parents to one particular Saint, frequently caused the bestowal of such Saint's name on their child. Thus the parents of St. Colette, 'tres devots envers St. Nicolas,' gave their child 'un baptême le nom de Colette, c'est à dire petite Nicole.'

Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, whose name of baptism was Thomas, and his name of confirmation Francis; and that name of Francis, by the advice of all the Judges in anno 36 Hen. 8. he did beare, and after used in all his purchases and grants.\* Such change must, however, have been known to, and sanctioned by, the Bishop in confirmation.\*

The importance of the origin and meaning of the names of persons is great, both in historical and in antiquarian investigations. Instances of this are unnecessary. The origin of the greater part of our existing surnames is to be sought for in many distinct sources. Such surnames mainly consist of the following classes: 1st. Norman names dating from the Conquest. 2nd. Local English names. 3rd. Names of occupation. 4th. Derivatives from the Christian names of father or mother. 5th. Names given on account of personal peculiarities. 6th. Names derived from the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms. 7th. Names derived from the celestial hierarchy. 8th. Irish, Scotch, French, Flemish, Dutch, German, Spanish, and other continental names, mainly imported within the last two centuries.

I. The first and smallest class consists of the Norman names brought into England at the Conquest. Domesday Book is the only accurate and trustworthy authority, showing the names of those Normans among whom the length and breadth of the land of England was then divided. It is these names alone which became hereditary as early as the eleventh century. Some of the names of landowners recorded in that great survey have been inherited by their descendants down to the present day. The interpolated untrustworthy Roll of Battle Abbey, as Camden has justly observed, is not to be compared with Domesday Book as an authority on this subject.

These ancient Norman names may be arranged under three heads. First, those which have *de* prefixed, and which were derived chiefly from places in Normandy; 2nd. those which, not being local, had *le* prefixed, as Le Marshall, Le Latimer, Le Mesurier, Le Bastard, Le Despencer, Le Strange. 3rd. those with which neither *de* nor *le* was used, and which were probably all significative: Basset, Howard, Talbot, Bellew, Bigod, Fortescue, and many others belong to this third division. Camden has observed that the distinction of these three classes was religiously kept in records in respect of adding *de* or *le*, or writing

\* In 1515, one Agnes Sharpe was sentenced by the Consistorial Court of the Bishop of Rochester to do penance, for having voluntarily changed at confirmation the name of her infant son to Edward, who, when baptized, was named Henry. Her sentence was to make a pilgrimage to the Rood at Boxley, and to carry in procession, on five Lord's days, a lighted taper, which she was to offer to the image of the Blessed Virgin.

the world simply, till about the time of King Edward the Fourth. Fitz is a common prefix to Norman patronymics, just as *son* is the Saxon termination to express the same idea. Fitz-william is the Norman form, Williamson the Saxon. We have read of an ancient Fitz-Swain; but it is in recent times only that a Saxon Harris, equivalent to Harrison (i. e. Harry's son) has been converted into the etymological mongrel of Fitz-Harris, which is almost as startling as Fitz-Harrison or Fitz-Thompson would be. We shall have occasion again to advert, in the course of our observations, to some of the Norman names still existing in England, and they are still common in Jersey and Guernsey.

II. The second and most numerous division of English surnames comprehends all those which have a local English origin. A vast number of places in England have contributed to form this class of surnames, which may be looked at as consisting of two subdivisions. The first is that of generic names, such as Bridge and Brook, Church and Chapel, Knoll and Kay, Hill and Dale, Mountain, Vale, and Vaulx, Carr and Combe, Cope and Cragg, Cliff and Clough, Deane and Dikes, Pitt and Hole, Flood and Fell, Hayes and Park, Grove and Hurst, Green and Grave, Garth and Grange, Moor and Marsh, Shore and Slade, Wood and Shaw, Hide, Holme, and Warren, Wear and Hatch, Field and Croft, Forest and Garden, Holt and Hope, Plains and Platt, Street and Lane, Burrow and Town, Barnes and Lodge. The second consists of specific names of places, such as Oxford, Buckingham, Wortley, and Preston. The frequent adoption of such names of places as surnames gave rise to the old distich:—

'In ford, in ham, in lay and tun,  
The most of English surnames run.'

As names of places, most of these specific names are very much older than the Conquest. The Saxon charters published under the able and learned superintendence of Mr. Kemble, contain many names of places: of the whole number, nearly one-fourth end in *ford*, or *ham*, or *ley*, or *tun*.\*

A former Lord Lyttelton once contended that his family must be more ancient than that of the Grenvilles, since the little town existed before the grande ville. At Venice a somewhat similar, but more serious dispute once arose between the houses Ponti and Canali. The former alleged that they, the Bridges, were above the Canals: the latter, that they, the Canals, existed before the

\* The exact examination of the numbers is due to Dr. Leo, in the introduction to his edition of the *Rectitudines Singularum Personarum*, Halle, 1842; translated as 'A Treatise on the Local Nomenclature of the Anglo-Saxons, London, 1862.'



Bridges. The Senate was obliged to remind the rival houses, that its authority could equally pull down Bridges and stop Canals, if they became a public nuisance.

Unlike names derived from occupations, these local English names are in themselves void of any signification, with reference to the condition in life of those who first assumed them. Persons who bear the names of specific places in England, must not suppose that their ancestors were either lords, or possessors of such places, but, as Camden justly observes, 'only that they 'originally came from them, or were born at them.' Devon or Kent became the surname of a man who had come from Devon or Kent, just as Lichfield or Lancaster denoted a person from one or other of those places.

When Jews abandon their biblical onomasticon, we frequently find them known by the names of places from which they have emigrated. Thus, in the north of Germany, there are many Jewish families of the name of Warschauer, Dantziger, and Friedlander. And thus the Bassi of Pisa received the name of Pisani on their migrating to Venice; and a victim of religious persecution at Lucca having fled to Geneva, there exchanged his hereditary name for that of Deluc, which has since become well known to the scientific world in the person of one of his descendants. Many English names, such as Fleming, Lombard, Pickard (Picard) refer merely to the country from which the family first came to England.

Camden gives Drinkwater as an instance of a name, local in its origin, and altered to a significative word by the common 'sort, who desire to make all to be significative.' He supposes the local origin to be Derwentwater. A similar corruption of the Italo-Tyrolian name Tunicotto into the German Thunichtgut would tend to increase the probability of Camden's conjecture as to Drinkwater.\* We venture, nevertheless, to hold that Drinkwater is not any corruption of a local name, but belongs to the class of names which indicate a personal quality or habit. The existence of Boileau in French, and Beyilacqua in Italian, seems sufficient to show that this is so. There is also an English name Drawwater. The Flemish name Tupigny has been altered in this country to Twopeny, which is a better example of Camden's proposition.

The instances in which places have derived their names from those of men, are rare in comparison with those in which men have as-

sumed surnames derived from places. Some places, however, received their names from men even in the Saxon times, as Alfreton, Edwardston, Ubsford, Kettering, Billingham, Leffington. After the Conquest many places acquired a distinguishing surname, as it may be called, from the family name of the resident landowner. The following are instances: Hurst-Pierpoint, Hurst-Monceaux, Tarring-Neville, Tarring-Peverill, Rotherfield-Greys, Rotherfield-Pypard, Drayton-Bassett, Drayton-Passelew, Melton-Moubray, Higham-Ferrars, Minster-Lovell, Stanstead-Rivers, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

Names of men have, in some few instances, been converted into words of general import wholly independent of the original meaning of such names. A Scotchman, Macadam, first showed how to macadamize our roads, and enriched the vocabulary of most of the nations of Europe; and the Spanish jesuit, Escobar, has caused a great people to adopt his name, and the words escobarde and escobardeerie, as the fittest to describe what the Lettres Provinciales so fully exposed to the world. In like manner we speak of tantalizing, of herculean strength, of a Fabian policy, and of a sandwich, a tilbury or a brougham.

Professor Pott of Halle, whose work on family names is full of proofs of great learning and unwearying labor, is sometimes unhappy in his suggestions as to the etymologies of English surnames. He conjectures that the English local name Wilber-force may be compared with the German Starke and the French La Force. The German Starke and the French La Force may more properly be compared with our English Strong and Starkie, and with our northern Stark. Wilberforce is a mere corruption of Wilburg-foss. Still more palpably inadmissible is Professor Pott's conjecture that our English local name Wilbraham is in part 'of Jewish origin,' and that the two last syllables of the word are obtained from Abraham. It is well known that, on English ground, Abraham has been disguised as Braham, just as Solomon has become Slowman and Sloman: but we never yet met with such a hybrid as the union of the English William and the Jewish Abraham produces. Wilburg-ham is probably the true etymology of the name. Skinner, whose 'Onomasticon' the Professor seems not to have consulted, derives Wilbraham from Will-burne and ham. Another etymological error committed by the learned Professor in dealing with English surnames, is found in a suggestion that Pashley may be derived from Pash, a local word used in Cheshire, and signifying brains. The etymology of this name, which has sometimes been written Passelewe and Paslew, as well as Passeley and Pashley, is clear. Skinner correctly states it 'à Fr. *passer l'eau*, sc. à tran-

\* Maria Theresa changed the name of her minister Thunichtgut (Do-no-good), into Thu-gut, (Do-good); probably, as Professor Pott observes, (p. 40.) 'den Spott seines sehr uibles vorbedeutenden 'Namensklanges abzuziehen.' In like manner the Romans changed Maleventum into Beneventum, and Eggesta into Segesta.

lando vel 'transeundo aquam.' An old monkish writer alludes to the meaning in verses preserved among Sir Robert Cotton's manuscripts, and addressed to a member of the family, who was Archdeacon Lewes in the reign of Henry III.\* The name of Fairfield is one of those which may be traced through all the languages of Europe in the forms of Campbell, Kemble, Campobello, Beauchamp, and Schönau.

III. We now come to the great class of surnames derived from occupations. An old writer quaintly and truly says: "Touching such as have their surnames of occupations, as Smith, Taylor, Turner, and such others, it is not to be doubted but their ancestors have first gotten them by using such trades, and the children of such parents being contented to take them upon them, their after-coming posterity could hardly avoid them, and so in time cometh it rightly to be said:—

"From whence came *Smith*, all be he knight  
or squire,  
But from the *Smith*, that forgoeth at the  
fire?"

And so, in effect, may be said of the rest. Neither can it be disgraceful to any that now live in very worshipful estate and reputation, that their ancestors in former ages have been, by their honest trades of life, good and necessary members in the commonwealth, seeing all gentry hath first taken issue from the commonalty."

The following is the number of births, deaths, and marriages in a single year, in England and Wales, of some of the more numerous of these English families whose surnames are derived from occupations, from Mr. Lowe's Tables of the births, deaths, and marriages of persons bearing sixty of the most common surnames:—

	Births.	Deaths.	Marriages.
Smith . . .	5588	4044	3005
Taylor . . .	2647	2275	1518
Wright . . .	1398	1142	729
Walker . . .	1324	1070	754
Turner . . .	1217	1011	680
Cooper . . .	1103	950	640
Clark . . .	1096	952	635
Baker . . .	1033	839	513
Cook . . .	910	742	483
Parker . . .	824	694	471

The great number of the family of Smith seems to be owing to this, that the Smith of the age when surnames first became hereditary,

\* 'Nec enim quia transit,  
Sed præcellit aquam cognomine credo notari—  
Mente quidem lenis, re dulcis, sanguine clarus,  
In tribus hæ præcellis aquam.'

included in his mystery the work which Wheeler, Cartwright, and other Wrights afterwards performed. The family of Lefevre, in French, is much less numerous than that of the English Smiths. The generic name Lefevre, used in Normandy and in the south of France for this northern Schmidt or Smith, is derived from the Latin Faber, and became a surname as Lefevre; so also Favre, Faure, and Fabri.

It is probable that a small proportion only of these names, derived from occupations, were adopted in country places, and that the bulk of them arose in towns. In the country every little hamlet supplied, in or near it, not only its own name for adoption by Squire, Franklin, Yeoman, Freeman, or any other of its inhabitants, but many neighboring objects, such as Green, Hill, Wood, Marsh, Ley, Moore, Field or Shaw. Acre or Larpent, Ash or Freine, Elm or Orme, Oak or Chesne, was to be found in almost every parish. The Turners and Taylors, Barbers and Bakers, Cooks, Coopers, and Chapmans, would more exercise their crafts in towns than in country places. The less numerous families of Carters and Filders, of Barkers and Tanners, of Fowlers and Foresters and Woodmans, of Farmers and Shepherds, of Bailiffs and Reeves, would mainly arise in the country. Each of a large number of local names has names of occupation dependent on it, many of which belong alone to the country. Pitt has its Collier and Pitman, Bridge its Bridger and Bridgman. It is said that a larger proportion of the names of occupation, such as Mercier, Meunier, Barbier, Boulanger, Couvreur, Tourneur, are found in France, than we have of them in England.\* There are very few of them in Sweden, where most surnames are derived from localities, and were not hereditary among the nobles till towards the end of the 17th century. The bourgeoisie of that country first adopted surnames at a still later epoch, and the choice of them, when made, arose more from an imitation of the then existing nomenclature of the nobility, than from any such necessity for creating individual distinctions as had operated in England, France, and Germany some time earlier.

Camden, in a list of names of occupations, inserts that of the great father of English poetry, Chaucer, adding by way of necessary explanation, "id est Hosier." We fear that Hosier, used as a surname, stands now in equal need of explanation with Chaucer. It may at first sight appear a little remarkable, that, where the Taylors are so numerous, the members of an almost equally important craft, Cordwainers and Shoemakers, should apparently be wholly wanting. If any such sur-

\* M. Salverte gives as a reason for this, 'les premiers bourgeois Anglais furent des franc-tenanciers, plutôt que des marchands ou des fabricants.' vol. i. p. 313.)

names exist among us, there can be very few of them. The Shoemiths may be disregarded as mere workers in iron, and not shoemakers in the modern sense of the word. It appears that the corresponding names Cordonnier, Bottier, Savetier, are equally wanting in Normandy, although, under a different orthography, the latter (as Sabatier) is common in the south of France. In Germany the names of Professor Schuhmacher and of Schuhmann, and Schuster, are common enough.

The Chaussure, commonly used in England when surnames were first adopted by the commonalty, was of leather, covered both the foot and the leg, and appears to have been called Hose.\* Hosier therefore is the same with Chaucier, which comes from the Latin Calcearius,† and differs but little in meaning from another word used to denote the man who followed this employment, namely, Suter, Sowter, or Souter, which was in use in English from the time of Chaucer to that of Beaumont and Fletcher, is still preserved in Scotland, and has become a surname in both countries. Although the craft of shoemaking is so distantly represented in our family nomenclature, yet that of glovemaking had long had its obscure Glovers, before the author of "Leonidas" elevated the name to a somewhat more prominent position.

Many of these names of employment survive, and remind us of crafts which have long ceased to exist. Among such names are Archer, Arrowsmith, Fletcher, Billman, Bowmaker, Bowman, Bowyer, Butts (the place of exercising with bow and arrow), Crowder (who played on the crowd), Harper, Furbisher, Hawker, Larbalestier, Lorimer, Massinger, Pikeman, Pointer, Stringer (the maker of strings for bows), Stringfellow, and probably Hooker. Others occur in the following list of names of occupation, all of which existed as surnames in England soon after the year 1200. Le Barbier (barber), Despencer, Le Cuper (cooper), Le Cutiler (cutler), Le Bouteiller (butler), Draper, Naper, and Napier; Faber and Favre, Faucuner (Falconer), Foster (Forester), Le Turnur (Turner), Le Tailleur (Taylor), Le Latimer, Le Mascun (Mason), Marchant, Mercer, Porter, Le Peintur (Painter), Spicer (Grocer), Le Waliker (Walker, that is Fuller) Ward, and Hellier or Helyar, which means in the dialect of Dorsetshire a thatcher or tiler.

Draper and Naper, or Napier, deserve explanation. The former word in its early use seems to have meant simply a cloth merchant; the latter's dealings were not with drapery, but with napery only. Napery denotes table-

linen, including the nappe or napkin used on washing hands before and after meals. The napier handed these napkins. One part of his duty in the royal household was, to hand over to the king's almoner the old linen of the king's table for distribution to the poor.\*

Stories have been invented to account for the origin of many names. Few of such stories are more clearly untrue than that which affects to explain the meaning and origin of the name Naper or Napier. The locality chosen for this etymological explanation is Scotland, a king of which country is said to have owed a victory in battle to the prowess of one Donald; and to have thanked him by saying that all had fought well, but that Donald had Na pier! (no equal.) Such an etymology deserves comparison with that which Rabelais gives for Beauce.†

Some names which may be considered as names of occupation or office, are not so easily accounted for. Most of such names as Pope, King, Duke, Prince, Lord, Earl, Baron, Knight, Squire, Bishop, Priest, Monk, and others, must have been originally assumed and transmitted by persons who did not, in fact, hold the station indicated by the name. Nearly 900 Kings are born annually in England and Wales. The family is almost as numerous as the Cooks, and more so than the Parkers. Camden's observation is, that the ancestors of persons of such names must have "served such, acted such parts, or were Kings of the Beane, Christmas Lords, etc." Most probably such names were given by mothers, or nurses, or playfellows, and adhering to individuals, when surnames began to be hereditary, were handed down to posterity. Mr. Kemble has pointed out a Saxon Bishop, who was so in name only. It is a little curious to find, as early as the reign of King John, a Jew bearing the surname of Bishop, "Deulecres le Eveske." The use of Archbishop as a surname is equally ancient. The origin of this latter surname, in Hugh de Lusignan's case, in France, was singular: this archbishop when, by the death of his brothers, the Lordship of Parthenay Soubise, etc., descended to him, "was dispensed by the Pope to marrie, on condition that his posteritie should beare the surname of Archevesque and a mitre over their arms for ever." (Camden.) The name of Arcedeckne is also ancient.

The frequency of King as a surname is a

\* Ducange, v. Mapparius, and Fleta, vol. ii. p. 19.

† La jument de Gargantua, when attacked by flies in a wood thirty-five leagues long, and seventeen leagues wide, "elle desgalna sa queue, et si bien s'escarmouchant les esmouchat qu'elle en abatti tout le bois. Quoy voyant, Gargantua dist a ses gents: "Je trouve beau ce, dont fent depuis appelle ce pays-la Beauce." (Rabelais, Gargantua, liv. i. c. 16.)

\* Hose occurs as a surname with Hosatus, etc. in the Close Rolls.

† Adelung, Worterbuch, under Hose and Schnur; Ducange, Glossar. v. Osa; and Gesenius, Dissertatio Grammatica de Lingua Chaucer, p. 4.

little remarkable. It was borne by the old republican Regulus, and was also known as Rex, at Rome: it is very common now-a-days in France, *Le Roi*, *Roi*, and in Germany, *König*. The name of King became distinguished in England about a century and a half ago, in the person of Sir Peter King, who was first Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and afterwards Lord Chancellor, as Lord King, certainly a strong distinguishing title. When the title, so acquired, was borne by the late Lord King, it could challenge comparison with the noblest names in the country. The present head of that family has thought fit to merge the ennobled name in the comparatively unknown title of Earl of Lovelace, so that it is only the name of a younger brother (*Mr. Locke King*) that now serves to call to mind either the philosopher Locke, the former Lord Chancellor, or the late Lord King.

A similar wish to get rid of a vulgar name probably created some of the Greek and Latin forms of surnames, now not uncommon in Germany: *Osiander* is from *Hosemann*, which differs little from our English *Hosier*: *Neander* is a translation of *Neumann*. The great Reformer Philip Melancthon was in German *Schwarzerdt*, and when he appeared as *Ippolito da Terra negra*, on the title-page of an Italian translation of one of his theological publications, he was not recognized, and for some time escaped the censorship.\* *Curtius* is more closely connected with *Kurz* (*Short*), than with the Roman *Curtii*. The German *Museus* is common enough, and a *Marius* has written in English on *Bills of Exchange*. *Coccejus* comes from *Koch* (*Cook*), and not from the gens *Cocceja*. In Germany latinized names became hereditary as surnames. *Adolphus* (*Adolf*), *Ludolfus* (*Leutholf*), are instances. Sometimes the Latin genitive was used as in *Ernesti*, *Jacobi*, *Dietrici*, *Ulrici*, forms which correspond with our *Harris* and *Edwards*, and with the French *Dantoine*, *Danton*, *Dandré*, etc., and with *Damiana*. The Dutch Commentator *Torrentius*, was known to his fellow countrymen as *Van der Beken*, and the latinized form *Hugo Grotius*, prevents our knowing the real name *De Groot*, which has again become illustrious in the great historian of Greece *Mr. Grote*.

\* Another form, that of *Hippophilus Melangæus*, seems also to have been used by Melancthon, or others for him, as the name of the author of his compendium of Theology, and Commentary on St. Matthew, and found its way into the *Index librorum prohibitorum*, published at Rome in 1681, and was retained in the more recent *Index*, published at Madrid in 1747. He had been included, under the same name, in the *Catalogue des livres censurés* par la Faculté de Théologie de Paris, in 1649.

England furnishes a few instances in which surnames were similarly latinized in the sixteenth century. Dr. Caius was no descendant of the great Roman jurist, but an English physician, whose vernacular name of Key was latinized by Caius, and who, when a Fellow of Gonville Hall, Cambridge, in 1557, obtained a charter perpetuating his latinized name in the College of "Gonville and Caius."—Every one still writes "*Caius College*;" but Key's College is, at Cambridge, the invariable pronunciation. In the same century, Thomas Caius (also a Key, in English,) was Master of University College, Oxford. The present English and German surname *Carus*, probably dates from the same period. *Magnus* is another latinized surname which became hereditary in England. In one case it was assumed by a poor foundling, afterwards an eminent divine, and is said to have been substituted for Tom among us, by which he was first known. "*Magnus*" was the cognomen bestowed on the Great Cn. Pompeius, and borne by his descendants until they were deprived of it by the jealousy of the Emperor Caligula.

With us the good old English Smith is corrupted into Smythe, and at last even into Smijthe; just as Simon, the cobbler in "*Lucian*," when he grew rich, called himself *Simonides*, or as the German *Schulz* or *Butterweche* changes his name into *Scholzen* or *Bouterwek*. When such a Smith, Smythe, or Smijthe takes his name from his Furnace, it has sometimes been changed successively by his wealthier descendants into *Furniss*, *Furnice*, and *Furnese*; giving rise to Swift's sneer, "*I know a citizen who adds or changes a letter in his name with every plum he acquires*; he now wants only the change of a vowel to be allied to a sovereign prince (*Farnese*) in Italy."

Such traits of human nature have been frequently observed from the time of Simon, the Greek cobbler, to that of John, the English Smith. *Lucian*, in his "*Timon*," describes the way in which a mere slave, *Pyrrhias* or *Dromo*, on succeeding to a rich inheritance, was wont to change his name to *Megacles* or *Megabyzus*. The orator *Æschines* is said to have changed his father's name, *Tromes*, into *Atrometus*; his mother's *Empusa*,\* into *Glaucothea*!

The slave at Rome, on obtaining his freedom, usually received the prænomen (as well as the nomen gentilitium) of his former master, in addition to which he retained his own original slave's name. Many of our readers will remember the sneer of *Persius*, when *Dama*, a Syrian slave, is emancipated:—

\* We once, in a country where surnames are not yet generally hereditary, met with a woman's name *Katakhanopula*, Vampire's daughter!



"Hic Dama est non tressis agaso:  
Vereris hunc dominus, momento turbinis exit.  
Marcus Dama! Papae! Marco spondente recu-  
sas,  
Credero tu nummos? Marco sub iudice palles?"

Provincials who obtained the Roman citizenship similarly took the prænomen and nomen of the Roman citizen, through whose intervention they had acquired their new character. Hence Cicero writing to the Proconsul of Sicily a letter in favor of a Sicilian Demetrius Megas, and mentioning that he had recently obtained the Roman citizenship at the instance of (P. Cornelius) Dolabella, subjoins, "Itaque nunc P. Cornelius vocatur."\*

Lord Byron, if we rightly remember, wished to be called, not by his English name, but by that of the French family of Biron; while, on the contrary, the Emperor Napoleon, at a very early period of his great career, thought it worth while to Frenchify his Italian name of Buonaparte by writing it Bonaparte. Similarly, the great Bohemian family of Czernahora have long since assumed at Vienna the name of Schwarzenberg, a German word, and in fact a mere translation of their Bohemian appellation. This is as if a French Lefevre were to change his name to Smith, on taking his place among his fellow-subjects in England. During the Hungarian revolution of 1848, the German and Jewish traders in Pesth Magyarized their descent, and many a high-sounding Magyar surname might be traced to a humble patronymic. The Magyars place the Christian name *after* the surname instead of before it.

The commonest legitimate change of surname in modern times, is that occasioned by the succession to lands, devised on condition that the successor assume the testator's name. Thus a country gentleman, gladly succeeding to an estate, is constrained to take along with it, by Royal license, the surname of Smith or Thompson; and does so with much more dislike, perhaps, for his new appellation, than Mr. Henry Bertram felt for his "thrice unhappy name" of Van Beest Brown. The estate is, however, gained; the offensive name is for a while endured; and, in some cases, by like Royal license subsequent, the *nominal* condition of the devise is abolished, the old testator's vulgar name is consigned to its original obscurity, and the former name of the now enriched devisee is resumed.† An Italian gentleman once changed the ancient

name of de' Rainaldi, which he had inherited, to assume and transmit to his descendants that of Dante. This was done as a mark of admiration for the author of the Divine Comedy.

Such admiration of great characters of former days has sometimes shown itself in the imposition of a *baptismal* name. Marcus Antonius Muretus, and Julius Caesar Scaliger, may be mentioned as instances. Under James I. Sir Julius Caesar was Master of the Rolls in England. Almost in our own age, an English advocate (afterwards a judge), in the fervor and exuberance of his patriotism, caused one of his three sons to be baptized Hampden, a second Russell, and a third Sidney. And with political feelings equally strong, but running in an opposite direction, an old Scottish Jacobite called *each* of his sons Charles Edward.

About the time of the passing of the Reform Act, a good many English children received as their baptismal name John Russell. This usage of bestowing, as part of a child's baptismal name, the surname of another person, has long prevailed in England. At times a father contents himself now-a-days with giving his own surname as the Christian name of his child: Cresswell Cresswell, Sitwell Sitwell.

At times an eminent and ancient name has been abandoned for one somewhat less notorious at the moment of the change. The Irish O'Brien has thus been replaced, in our own day, by the English Stafford. No one wondered much at such a preference, when Mr. Smith O'Brien was enacting high treason in Irish cabbage gardens.

Nearly four hundred years ago, an Act of the Irish Parliament\* ordained, that every Irishman, "dwelling betwixt or amongst Englishmen in the counties of Dublin, Myeth, Vriel, and Kildare," should go "like to one Englishman in apparel, and shaving off his beard above the mouth," should swear allegiance, and should take to him "an English surname, of a town, as Sutton, Chester, Trym, Skyrne, Corke, Kinsale; or color, as white, blacke; or arte or science, as smith, or carpenter; or office, as cooke or butler;" and that he and his issue should use the same, under a specified penalty. Thus O'Gowans became Smiths, and Mac-Intyres, Carpenters; but, probably, few of the O'Briens then changed their name.

A change of a family name sometimes took place at a very early period of English history. The Mowbrays, whose line first bore the ducal title of Norfolk, derived their surname from Henry the First's bow-bearer, by whom it was assumed, with the possession of the estates of Robert Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, on his attainder. Still more notice-

\* Cic. Ep. ad Divers., XIII. 36.

† Mr. Lawley took the surname of Thompson by Royal license, on 27th September, 1820, and having been created Baron Wenlock in May, 1839, resumed by Royal license, on the 1st of June of the same year, his paternal surname of Lawley, "and his issue were to continue the surname of Lawley only." (Debrett's Peerage.)

\* 5 Ed. 4. c. 3. (A. D. 1465.)

able instances of the change of name are found, in comparatively modern times, in France, where the son of Jean Poquelin and Marie Cressé assumed the name of Molière, and François Marie Arouet, a younger son of parents whose surnames were Arouet and Daumait, made himself known to the world as de Voltaire. This instance, however, is only an imitation of what commonly occurred in French noble families, and also in England, in ancient times. When a younger son had the rare good fortune of obtaining an estate of his own, he assumed a new surname from his estate. Thus, in England, Hugh de Montfort's second son, being lord of Hatton, in Warwickshire, took the surname of Hatton.

A less frequent change is, when the surname of a maternal ancestor is substituted for that of the paternal line. "Geoffrey Fitz-Maldred married an heiress of the house of the Nevill's, and thereupon took the name of Nevill, and left it to his posterity. Ralph Gernon marrying the daughter of Cavendish or Candish, left that name to his issue. So Robert Meg, the great favorite of King John, took the name of Braybrooke, whereof his mother was one of the heirs." (*Camden*.)

In our own days an illustrious peer, the Marquis of Lansdowne, has given his own younger children the old surname of Fitzmaurice, derived from Irish ancestors, a line of more than twenty barons of Kerry and Lixnaw; and yet the noble Marquis, while a cadet of his house, and a Cabinet minister of his country, had as Lord Henry Petty, conferred new lustre on the name, which, in England, Sir William Petty's talent and energy had very amply endowed, and which had been adopted by the first and second Earls of Shelburne and was borne by the Marquises of Lansdowne for more than a century.

At the present day, we find in the peerage of England several hereditary surnames derived from employments; such as Cooper, Carpenter, Taylor, Portman,\* Bridgeman, Forester, Gardener, Parker, and Roper. The peerage, too, now contains another sign of its reinforcement from the pure commonality in comparatively recent times, in the many common names of those who have inherited peerages. Among such names are Alexander and Abbott, Clements and Cole, Dawson and Edwards, Harris and Hutchinson, Jervis, and Jenkinson, Jones and Lambert, Law and King, Hill, Nelson, Wilson, and Denman. The last name denotes residence or employment in a dene or den. The word resembles Ditchman, Fenman, Inman, Overman,† Gill-

man, Hillman, Hayman, Howman, Halman, Marshman, Milman; and may be compared with numerous names of occupation ending in man. Such are Bulman, (common in the north of England, where Turnbull is also frequently found,) Coltman, Stierman, (as old as the Domesday Survey,) Cadman, Lockman, Flaxman, Pikeman, Potman, Woolman, Fireman, Pitman, Woodman, Wellman, Seaman, Sherman, Chapman, Dayman, Workman, Crossman, Churchman, Kirkman, Sideman, Templeman.

Before leaving the peerage, we will point out the origin of one other name, that of no less a prelate than Dr. Phillpotts. The word is nothing more than a diminutive, Philpot,\* and so comes from St. Philip and is therefore very appropriate, either as a baptismal name or surname, for a Christian Bishop. And yet the corruption into Phillpott, intended, no doubt, to make some sense out of the unintelligible diminutive Philpot, has established a nominal relationship between all existing Phillpotts and the famous Toby Philpott, whose celebrity rests on his jug that foamed with mild ale.

IV. We next arrive at names derived from the Christian name of father or mother. In very early times, the addition to the child's name of that of his father was not unusual; and the surname so formed was transmitted to descendants when surnames became hereditary. In the principality of Wales, a small number of surnames thus derived embrace the bulk of the whole population. Jones, Johns, Evans, and Beavan, (Ap Evan) severally correspond to our English Johnson in their meaning. Bethel, Bowen, (Ap Owen,) Davies, Probert, Roberts, Pugh, (Ap Hugh,) Hughes, Parry, Pritchard, and Williams are of like origin. It is a little remarkable, that the Britons of Cornwall should have derived most of their surnames from local objects, while the Britons of Wales derive theirs almost wholly from patronymics. A well-known couplet will remind every reader of the usual character of Cornish names:—

By tre, ros, pol, lan, coer, and pen,  
You know the most of Cornish men;

which words signify "a town, a heath, a pool, a church, a castle or city, and a foreland or promontory."

The twelve largest families of the existing English nation are those known under the names of Smith, Jones, Williams, Taylor,

substantive Over, is found as a proper name, as well as its equivalent Shore and Bank; and its derivatives Overend, Overton, Andover, Wendover, etc.

\* So written by John Philpot, and by Nicholas Philpott, authors of the 17th century. The Villare Cantianum, published in 1659, is by Thomas Philpott.

\* Corresponding to the middle-age Latin *Hospitalarius*, to the German *Von der Pforten*, and to the French *Drouyn de Lhuys*.

† The Anglo-Saxon *Over*, corresponds to the German *Ufer*, and means shore or bank. This

Brown, Davies, Thomas, Evans, Roberts, Johnson, Robinson, and Wilson, all of which, except three (Smith, Taylor and Brown), are derived from patronymics. Each christian name gives rise to a variety of derivative surnames. Among those from Henry are Harrison, Harris, Herries, Halkin, Hawes, and Hawking. Hall, which is so common as to be incapable of general reference to a local origin, probably came, in most cases, from this source. Elias produces Ell, Ellson, Elkins, Elkinson, Elley, Ellis Elliss, Ellice, Ellison, Eliot, and Eliot, Elliotson. From David we have not only Davies, which, as we have just seen, is a very numerous family, but also the several families of Davidson, Davy, Davison, Dawes, Dawson, and Dawkins. From Hugh or Hew, we have Hughes, Hugoe, Huggett, Huggins, Hugginson, Hewett, Hewson, Hooson, Hewison, Hewetson, Hewlet, Hewell, and seemingly Whewell. From Nicholas we have Nicholson, Nixon, Cole, Collett, Collins, and others. And so of the rest.

The adoption of the father's baptismal name as the basis of a surname for the son, prevailed extensively for a long while before surnames became generally hereditary. Edward I. disliking the iteration of Fitz, ordered the Lord John Fitz-Robert, whose ancestors had used, as surnames, each father's christian name, "to leave that manner, and to be called John of Clavering, which was the capital seat of his barony." It is said that in Wales, where nearly all names have been of this patronymical class, an ancient worshipful gentleman responded at the assizes, in the reign of Henry VIII., to the name of Thomas Ap William, Ap Thomas, Ap Richard, Ap Hoel, Ap Evan, etc., and at the suggestion of the judge agreed to leave "that old manner," and to call himself Mostyn, after his chief residence. This long Welsh name reminds us of that of an ancient Roman, which, as preserved in a sepulchral inscription, combines the prenomen of father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, with the prenomen, nomen, and cognomen of the deceased. "L. Munatius, L. F. L. N. L. Pron. Plancus."

Bastards appear, not unfrequently, to have taken as a surname, Fitz, prefixed to the name of either their mother or supposed father. In our own day, each of the children of His Royal Highness William Duke of Clarence, and Mrs. Jordan, took the surname of Fitzclarence,\* those of the Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray were called D'Este.†

\* The eldest son was created Earl of Munster in 1831, and "beareth" substantially the arms of William IV., "debruised by a baton sinister azure, charged with three anchors," etc.

† See the claim of Augustus Frederick D'Este to the Sussex Peerage, 11 Clark and Finely's Reports, p. 86.

The learned German professor to whose recent work we have adverted, derives our English surname Lawson, from "Law, lex." This derivation we deem to be inadmissible. The Law in Lawson is the diminutive of Lawrence, and Lawson is obtained from this diminutive Law, just as Hodgson comes from Hodge, Nelson from Nell, Nanson from Nan, Megson from Meg, Patteson from Patty, Thompson from Tom, Jackson from Jack, Robson from Rob, and Watson from Wat, the baptismal name of Wat Tyler, the surname of James Watt. In olden times the diminutives of baptismal names were much used, and derivatives are very generally formed from such diminutives. Thus from Benjamin came the diminutive Benn, and the derivative Benson; from Gregory, Gregg and Gregson, from Geoffry, Jeff and Jephson and Jefferson; from Gabriel, Gabb; from Gilbert, Gibbs and Gibson, Gibbins and Gibbon; from Matthew, Matts and Mattson, Matthews and Mattheson; from Samuel, Sams and Sampson; from Christopher, Kitts and Kitson; from Simon, Sims and Simpson; from Timothy, Tim, Timms, and Timson; from Bartholomew, Batts and Bates, Batson and Bateson; from Richard, Dick and Dixon. Of this last numerous but obscure family, two younger branches, those of Richardson and Dickens, have been ennobled by literature; the former in the author of "Clarissa Harlowe," and the latter in Charles Dickens.

Though the above is, doubtless, the true etymology of the common surnames Law and Lawson, yet some similar compounds owe their origin to the administration of the law. Lawman, Lawday, Lawless, and Outlaw, may be mentioned as instances. The local names of Lawden, Lawford, and Lawley, may all come from Law, the diminutive of Lawrence; but more probably come from the Anglo-Saxon Law, a hill. About the meaning of the terminations *den*, *ford*, and *ley*, there is no doubt.

It will be observed that some of the above diminutive names are not properly derived from fathers, but, perhaps improperly, from mothers. Nelson, Megson, Patteson, are three such. A great number of families in Normandy bear the surname Marie and its derivatives Mariette, Marion, etc. Many are called Anne, Catherine, Marguerite, etc. The suggestion which arises in such cases is, that the original fathers did not acknowledge their paternity,—

Cui pater est populus non habet iste patrem.\*

A similar reason may have existed for the

\* Perhaps the surnames Bairnfather and Banfather may have been applied originally to such a putative father.

adoption of the feminine substantive instead of the masculine, in instances of names of occupation, as Baxter and Bagster (the Anglo-Saxon feminine form for Baker), Brewster and Sangster.\* Other surnames directly pointing to the personal conduct or character of the mother who founded the family, may be mentioned. Leeman, sometimes changed into Lemon, Puttock, Parnell, Hussey†, Arlet, Paramore, Trollope. The surname Bastard is as old as the Conquest, and is of frequent occurrence in the Close Rolls. Bastardy was not a great reproach among the Normans: the Conqueror himself sometimes used the style, "Ego Wilhelmus cognomento Bastardus."

While speaking of patronymics, we may mention Paul, its diminutives Pollock and Polk, and its derivatives Paulson, Pawson, and, as seems probable, Porson. It may be added that the Latin genitive, used as a surname, generally and properly enough denotes the father's name. Christiani is nearly the same as Christison, and is quite the same as Christiansen. Petrus Damiani, the Latin form of the name of the Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, Pierre Damien, is peculiar in this, that Damien was the name of Pierre's elder brother, whose kindness to Pierre induced him to adopt the surname Damiani.

V. Our fifth class comprises descriptive names. Bodily peculiarities have given rise to the greater part of this class of surnames; but some which indicate mental qualities, must also be noticed. Among the latter are Good, and Goodman, and Goodenough and Goodfellow, Best and Perfect, Sage and Wise, Meek and Moody, Gay and Joyce, Baude and Musard, Savage, Sly, and Wild, Quick and Wake, Folet and Foliot. The abstract is sometimes used for the concrete, as in Luck, Fortune, Pride, Wisdom, Justice, Virtue, Joye, Bliss. Of the names just mentioned, Sage, Savage, Wake, and Joye, and probably others, were in use at the beginning of the thirteenth century.

The surnames derived from bodily peculiarities are for the most part intelligible even to the uneducated. Every one understands the meaning of Bigge, Little, and Liddell, Long and Longman, Pretty and Prettyman, Short and Straight and Crump, Armes, Armstrong, and Strong-i-the-arm. Braz de Fer, Main, Malesmains, Quatermains, and Tortesmains, are Anglo-Norman surnames of the reign of

King John. At the same epoch we find Grant or Graund, Le Gras, Grossin, Grundy. We have now Shanks, Hand, Legge, and Back, Head and Foot, Greathead and Lightfoot, Side and Heaviside. The old English words pollard and camoys, applied to the person, indicate bodily peculiarities. Both words are used as surnames. The latter, now obsolete, occurs in Chaucer:—

A Shefeld thwitel bare he in his hose,  
Round was his face and *camuse* was his nose.

Our Sheepshanks may be compared with the German Ochsenbein and Ziegenbein, if not with the Swedish Oxenstiern.\* Wightman denotes personal strength alone (wight strong). Mitchell, from the Anglo-Saxon Muchel (big), Scottice Muckle or Mickle, has been mentioned. Bones and Barebones belong to this class of names. Baines unquestionably comes from bane, Anglo-Saxon for bone, and denotes the "brawnie bainie chiel" of Burns. It has been erroneously suggested that this word has either a French or Gaelic origin. Similar surnames are met with in other European languages, as the Italian Ferrebraccia and Piccolomini. The German names Humboldt and Humbert, are from Humpolt and Humprecht, which words compare the personal courage or appearance of the bearer to that of a Hun.

Surnames like these taken from some bodily peculiarity, were occasionally used among the Anglo-Saxons some centuries before the Norman Conquest, and long before surnames were hereditary in England. Thus we read in Bede, Hist. Eccles. v. 10., speaking of the Missionaries among the old Saxons: "Uterque eorum appellabatur Hewald, ea tamen distinctione, ut pro diversa capellorum specie, unus Niger Hewald alter Albus Hewald diceretur;" or, as we should say, one was called Hewald Black, and the other Hewald White. Edmund Ironside was so called, says Henry of Huntingdon, "Irenside, id est Ferreum latus, quia maximi vigoris et mirabilis patientiæ bellicæ erat in negotiis." Ædelfred, Earl of Gaini, whose daughter, A.D. 868, was married to King Alfred, was called Mucel; "eo quod erat corpore magnus et prudentia grandis." We therefore find our familiar modern surnames, Black and White, Ironside and Mitchell, are about a thousand years old.

Blunt is another name of this class. Professor Pott touches on the word as follows: "Engl. BLUNT derb. plump." The word Blunt, or Blount, is Blond. Blundus and Ru-

\* Webster is also a feminine, but seems in strictness to be equally applicable to man and woman, like Gamester. See Grimm, Deutsche Grammatik, vol. ii. p. 134.

† In old times such names were sometimes applied to places, as in Hursbourne, which Mr. Kemble believes to be identical with Hussebourne. Other names of the same class are Hurcote, Hursley, and Hurworth. Hussey may possibly be from the French Houssale.

\* Salvarte, tom. i. p. 241., supposes Oxenstiern to have been assumed as a surname, from the coat of arms used by the family before their assumption of the name. The original name of the Chancellor of Sweden was Abel.



fus, Brunus and Brunellus, are found as surnames in the Close Rolls. Blundel and Brunel are well-known derivatives. Favel and Morel also indicate color, and are very ancient surnames.\* The name Brown, however, has an antiquity some centuries higher than the reign of King John, and comes out of the very forest. Several of the animals which figure in the old story of Reynard the Fox, bear names derived from their bodily appearance and peculiarities; and a very ancient and widely diffused name of the Bear is Bruin, Braun, Brunus, Brunellus, so that he stands at the very head of the Bruin and Brown, and Brunel families. Brown, Black, and White, are the commonest names of this class. Rous, and the diminutive Russell, also belong to it, and like Blunt, indicated at first the color of the hair. Similarly we had Gris, and have still Grey, or Gray, and Grissell; so also Rudd, Rudkin, Ruddiman and Rothman. Germany has long had its Roth and Schwarz, and Weiss and Braun: France its Le Roux and Rousseau, Lenoir and Noiret, Le Brun and Brunet; Italy its Rossi, Rossini, and Negrelli.

In other instances the name is specifically descriptive of the precise bodily peculiarity for which it was first bestowed; as in Blackhead, Blacklock, Redhead, Whitehead, White-lock, Silverlock, Silvertop, Fairhead, Fairfax. Not only have we the compounds Blacklock, Whitelock, and Silverlock, but the simple word Locke is a not uncommon surname. We may compare with it Curll and Curly, and the diminutive Curling, in England, and Croll in Germany. Perhaps our surname Buckle means 'a curl, or state of being curled or crisp, as hair.'

Costume and armor also gave names. The names of Robert Curthose and Hugh Capet occur early. A great Earl of Anjou was called Grisa-gonella, or Gray-gown, from the garment which he wore. Gunel-blanc is a similar name. The Wolf was called Halkunb (Gray-coat) by the Estonians.† Robe and Mantel are very old surnames. Freemantle is a corruption from Freidmantel, in Latin Frigidum-mantellum (Close Rolls, vol. i. pp. 98. 270.) Lunge-lance is like Long-espée. And Long-espée, Strongbow, Fortescue (Strong-shield), surnames all well-known in English history, have a like origin. We compare with them the French Abbé de l'Épée, and Eugénie Beauharnais (and our own Harness); also the English Sir Thomas Leatherbreeches, of some twenty years ago, and the German Von Ledderhose, Breitschuh, Hochhut, etc. Hose

is one of the earliest surnames of this class adopted in England. It is found in the Close Rolls, as Hose, Hoese, and Hosatus, and has therefore existed in England as a surname for about 650 years. The Roman Caligula and Caracalla belong to the same class. The Pilgrim (Pelerin) who returned from Jerusalem carrying a palm-branch, was a Palmer. Shakspeare, Breakspeare, Winspear, Wagstaff, Bickerstaff, and other similar names, must first have been bestowed on persons skilled in the use of the weapon mentioned.

VI. The sixth class consists of names derived from the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms. Some names from the animal kingdom indicate a state of society when the intercourse of man with wild beasts was much greater than it is now. The Saxons, while yet Pagans, "would sometimes desire to have their children imitate such properties of courage as they observed to be in some kinds of beasts, such as they esteemed to be beasts of battail, as is, among others, the bear." The names of such beasts, therefore, served to form names for the children of the Saxons. Such a proper name, obtained from the bear, is still preserved in Bernard. Ursus and Urso are names of great antiquity. St. Ursus belongs to the fifth century. Ursus, Ursinus, De Ursinis, are found in England, after the Conquest, as names of clergymen, not unfrequently foreigners. But the bear had ceased to exist in England so long before hereditary surnames were adopted, that traces of the old king of the northern forest are mainly to be found only in such surnames as are derived from the names of places. Urswick, in Lancashire, is a source of such surnames. Some of the names Berens, Beridge, Berworth, Berney, Berenham, Beresford, Berford, Berewick, Baring, Bearcroft, Bearsley, may be derived from the bear; but *bere*, the Anglo-Saxon word for *barley* (which was much cultivated in early times,) is a more probable etymology for most of them, as well as for the proper name Bere. On the Continent Berlin derives its name from the bear, which is the city's armorial bearing, as it is of the canton and city of Berne. The bear has been highly honored in the Scandinavian peninsula, where many surnames compounded with Björn indicate a derivation from him.\* He gave his name to Albert the Bear, Margrave of Brandenburg, who flourished early in the 12th century. At Rome he produced the Orsini, in France St. Ursus, and in Britain St. Ursula, who is said to have headed eleven thousand virgins in achieving the honors of martyrdom at Cologne; and who, in more recent times,

\* Morel is found in the Fine Rolls: the Latin forms flavellus and morellus, are used to designate the color of horses in Madox, Form. Anglic., p. 423.

† They also called him Mesikammen (Honey-paw): the Finns called him Lajjalg (Broadfoot): J. Grimm, Reinhart Fuchs, p. lvi.

\* The bear's presence has given a name to many places in Germany, as Bärensprung and Bärenhorst.

has been patroness of the Sorbonne, of the Ursuline sisters, and of the celebrated Princess des Ursins.

Of the Wolf we have, in our most ancient nomenclature, very ample traces. The religious light in which the animal was regarded, in consequence of his constant attendance on the conquering deity, Odin or Woden, may have had a share in causing the frequent adoption, in very ancient times, of names derived from the Wolf. In the Christian period of some centuries before the Conquest, our ecclesiastical annals give us a continuous series of old pagan names, still alone used, even by the dignitaries of the Church; and many of these names are derived from the Wolf.\* Of course such names are all baptismal.

In England, names of places, many centuries older than any hereditary surnames, have originally been derived from the Wolf: such as Wolfham, Wolfhill, Great Wolford, Wolfpits, Wolfcote, and Wolferlow; Wolverley, Wolverton, and Wolverhampton. The word Woolley, which is still the name of several places, probably always means Wolfley, and comes from Wulféah, or Wulféage, which occur as names of places in the Saxon charters published by Mr. Kemble. Old surnames, Wolvden and Wolvedon, have a similar origin.

Hugh Lupus took his name, and assumed his coat of arms, "Azure, a Wolf's head erased, Argent," at a time when wolves and men still had, on the continent of Europe, something approaching to daily intercourse with one another. The Latin form, Lupus, had been a name of baptism centuries before surnames were in use: St. Lupus, St. Leu, as he is called in French, succeeded St. Ursus in the see of Troyes in the fifth century; each of several dignitaries of the Church was called Lupus in the age of Charlemagne.† Our ecclesiastical annals in England are adorned by one or two persons named Lupus, who flourished after the Conquest,‡ and the French word Leu occurs as a surname in the reign of King John; but the Latin and French forms, Lupus, Leu, Lovel, Lovet, are not common as English surnames. Wolves had almost wholly disappeared from England and Wales long before the Conquest, while in France considerable sums were disbursed out of the Royal Treasury as late as the 13th and 14th centuries in paying for their destruction. So common was this animal's skin, that a garment

called Louvière used to be made from it. *Pel-de-leu* is an old French surname, mentioned by Ducange, and derived, no doubt, from a garment made of a Wolf's skin. Loup has given rise to a considerable number of surnames in France, each belonging to a greater number of persons than all those who in England at the present day can trace their name to Bear, Wolf, Fox, or Tod. Chanteloup, which is the name of several places in France, is probably derived from the howling of wolves near such places. The surname *Cantilupe* comes from such a place.\*

The Fox, not having been exterminated among us, has given rise, in comparatively modern times to surnames in the families of Fox, Tod, and Todhunter; and at an earlier period to local names such as Foxholes, Foxham, and Foxley, Todburn, Todholes, and Todwick. We cannot leave the Wolf and the Fox, without reminding our readers that the name of Wolfe belonged to one of England's greatest heroes; and that of Fox, to one of her most eminent statesmen.

But let us not leave unnoticed the Boar of the ancient forest; he has contributed more than either bear or wolf or fox to our modern family nomenclature. His best known descendants are the Pigg and Hogg, who trace their pedigree through Porcus, recorded under King John in the Fine Rolls, and who are now accompanied by their attendant Pigman. The Hogg spreads into younger branches of Hoggett and Hoggins, with which Piggins and Swinnock may perhaps be reckoned, and the common fate of them all is suggested by the formidable names of Spick and Speckhard, Hogsflesh, Gammon, and Bacon. Country cousins of the family have flourished in England for centuries since the Conquest, enjoying the surnames of Pigdon, Pighills, Pighles, and seemingly Picklest, Pickford, Pickworth, Hogden, Hogwood,† Swinburn, Swindell, Swindon, Suggate, Sugg, Suggett, Sugden,§

\* The Wolf's presence and importance in France (where he still remains), is evidenced by the great number of proverbs in which he is named. After an enumeration of such proverbs, occupying several pages, Le Roux de Lincy observes (*Le Livre des Proverbes Français*, tom. i. p. 119., ed. Paris, 1842), "On sait combien autrefois les Loups étaient répandus en France; dans certaines provinces on est encore obligé de faire contre ces animaux des battues régulières."

† Pickles we may compare to Tickle, from the Anglo-Saxon *Ticcan*, (German, *Zicke*), a kid, (and lees): Tickhill, has a like etymology.

‡ Hogwood, a wood supplying mast for fattening pigs. Dr. Leo observes, "that an estate is hardly registered as complete, in the Anglo-Saxon charters, without including one or more such woods."

§ The etymology is clear: the syllable *sug* is the same with the Greek *σῦ*, the Latin *sus*, the Anglo-Saxon *sugu*, the German *sau*. The common change of an aspirate into *s*, *σῦλ* into *silva*,) converts *sug* into *hug* or *hog*. Our *hog* is the same

\* Grimm (*Deutsche Grammatik*, vol. ii. p. 330, 331.) has collected a great number of old German proper names compounded with Wolf.

† One of them was an author; his works have been edited by Baluze.

‡ For instance, William Lupus, Archdeacon of Lincoln, "juris peritus, elegantior literatus et magnæ auctoritatis." (Matthew Paris, p. 756., A. D. 1264.)

Sowden, Sowdon, Sovington, Suersham, Sow-erby, and Swinnerton. The Wildbores of course claim a direct descent from the Boar of the primeval forest. His elder name Eber, or Eofor has given rise to the following surnames, some of which were in use as proper names in England for centuries before the Conquest. Eber, Ever, Ebers, Evers, Everard, Evered, Everett, Everingham, Everington, Everly, and Everton. The name of a parish and Viscounty, Ebrington, is contracted from Eberington.

One of the most eminent members of the whole of this great race was Pope Sergius IV., whose election to the Holy See took place A. D. 1009. His name was Hogsmouth,\* and he was the first Roman by birth who changed his name on his election to the Papacy. Whether he did so, "from respect to St. Peter, or because his previous name was Hogsmouth," Fleury leaves uncertain.† The whole herd claims to be of kith and kin with the English Hoggard and Hoggart, but disclaims all relationship with the continental Hogarth, and Hogstraten, (the latter made known by the *Epistola obscurorum Virorum*.) with whom Hog means hoch or high: and they are equally strangers to the northern Sveyn, Sweyn, or Swain, still preserved as an English surname, and meaning servant. But this great genealogical tree had struck its roots in Europe not in the Anglo-Saxon period, but before the Christian era. Suillus was a Roman cognomen: Cu. Temellius Scrofa commanded an army of the Roman Republic. M. Æmilius Lepidus, the orator, was called Porcina (Cic. Brut. c. 25.) and each member of a whole Roman gens was a Porcius, like M. Porcius Cato, the Censor. M. Flavius Afer was Consul, A. V. c. 883, and C. Cornelius Verres was Prætor of Sicily. The name Verrutius differed

only from that of Verres in having a longer tail.\* The etymological identity of the name belonging to the several members of the above family, as spread over the region of the Indo-European languages, will be sufficiently seen by merely writing the corresponding words as found in some of those languages.†

Animals have always been conspicuous in Heraldic charges, and such charges have probably supplied surnames in many instances: Richard the Third was thus called the Boar, or the Hog, and so "gave occasion to the rhyme that cost the maker "his life":—

'The Rat, the Cat, and Lovel the Dog,  
Rule all England under the Hog.†

The signs of different animals were made use of in former times, not only over the entrances of inns, but at the shops or warehouses of other traders. Roebuck, Peacock, Partridge, Swan, and other such surnames, may have thus had in strictness a local origin. But the vast number of names of birds, beasts, and fishes, which have been adopted as surnames, compels us to conclude that such narrow limits as heraldic charges and traders' signs could never have supplied the greater part of the class of names in question. We once knew Hawkes, a Hare, a Peacock, and a Partridge, all quietly dwelling in the same staircase, in Trinity College, Cambridge, where a Coote was at the same time an occasional visitor;‡ and we have been honored by the friendship of a distinguished Whig whose mother was a Crowe, whose nieces were Sparrows, whose housekeeper was a Partridge, and whose cook was a Raven.

The same fondness for diminutives which is so strikingly manifested in our patronymics, is to be observed in these surnames derived from animals. When we find Lupus and Loup as surnames, they are accompanied by the diminutive Lupellus, Lupillon, Lovell, Lovett, and Luvelot. Probably the names Leverot and Leurot, are our modern Leveret. All these forms occur under King John and early in the reign of Henry III. Cucku, Eagle (Aquila), and Cockerel, are of equal antiquity.

with the Welsh hwch, and the Armoric houch. The German word sau, and its kindred Anglo-Saxon sugu, are not restricted to the female sex. Luther's translation of the 'herd of swine' in Matthew's gospel, viii. 31., is die Heerde Saue. Hog and pig are properly used of the young only. The former word is applied, at the present day, to sheep of a certain age and condition. The den in such words as Sugden, Sowden, Hogden, is not found in any other German dialect than the Anglo-Saxon, and was adopted into that from the British. It again occurs in the proper name Desman: in such sheltered swine pastures as the words Hogden, Sowden, and Sugden indicate, the Desman would probably be a swineherd.

\* With Hogsmouth we may compare Wulfshelm, Bullface, Sheepshanks, and the remarkable name of Stote-vagina, borne by an Archdeacon of York, A. D. 1108. Stoot and Fichet are still found among our surnames.

† Fleury, Hist. Eccles., tom. xii. p. 392., ed. Paris, 1751.

‡ Different legends, explaining the original assumption of the name Scrofa, are found in Varro, R. R. ii. 4., and Macrobi. Sat. i. 6.

\* Cic. in Verr. Act ii. Lib. ii. c. 78.

† Sanscrit, Varaha; Latin, Verres; Italian, Verro; Spanish, Berraco; French, Verrat; Latin, Aper and Porcus; English, Boar; Celtic, Bora; Danish, Beer; German, Eber; Anglo-Saxon, Eofor.

‡ The allusion to the names of Ratcliffe and Catesby is obvious; Lovel is said to have borne a Dog as his arms.

§ The Hare was recently an Archdeacon, the Peacock is now a Dean, and on a recent occasion was an able Prolocutor, not of birds, in an Aristophanic Nephelococcygia, but of the Clergy in the Lower House of Convocation at Westminster. The Upper House was presided over by John Bird Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury.

In our own times, the diminutive Gosling is common, and even Goosey is more frequently met with than Goose, Graygoose, or Gander, which are all found. The ancient Cockerel is still preserved, and may now be compared with Duckerell, which is not so common, and has not been made so illustrious as the name of Drake. Goade and Goate are rare; as are the names of local origin Gatacre and Gatford. Kidd is common; Ram and Tupp are rare; Sheep, as we believe, is not in use; but Sheepsey, which, however, may be of local origin, is found, and Lamb is very common.

We find, before the end of the twelfth century, the following surnames: Mala-Musca, Muletus, Pejor-lupo, Oculus-canis; each of which clearly shows a comparison between the man who bears the name, and the creature whose name is borne. Mr. Kemble has pointed out Crow, and Duck, and Bug, thus used as occasional surnames in Anglo-Saxon times, Monkey, (Singe), Calf (Veel), Malebisse and Malecat, are found at the end of the 12th century.

The names of insects and reptiles, though not in great favor, are by no means rare as surnames. Among others we have Beetles and Worms, Bug, Crick and Cricket, Emmett, Bisse, Serpent, Newte and Blackadder. Mr. Serpent bears arms alluding to his name, "or, three serpents, vert, two and one." So Newte uses a "newte proper," and Bisse, "two serpents entwined looking at each other," as a crest. Similarly Fox and Tod bear "three foxes heads erased;" and the Bull family, (including Bulface, Bullhead, Bulkeley, Bullock, Vachell, and even Cowley) all bear the bull or some part of him. The Coots bears "three cootes;" the Corbet, "three rooks;" the Heron, "three herons;" and the Sparrow "six sparrows." Has Mr. Bugg the courage to bear his insect namesake on his arms? No, but he ventures on allusive arms. He bears "az, three water bougets, or, two and one." Some of our readers may not recognize these heraldic bougets. The word means water-bag, and may be nearly expressed in modern English by bucket. The etymology thus suggested for Bugg is not happy. 'Tis as far-fetched as the etymology of Maynard, suggested by a noble Viscount's motto, *Manus justa nardus*, which is found under a shield bearing three hands. Maynard is an old Anglo-Saxon name, corresponding to the German Meinhardt, and has nothing to do with either hand or ointment. Malmaynes is happier when he charges his heraldic shield with three sinister hands coupé.

The etymological blunders and false suggestions, as to names, which occur in such canting arms, would fill a volume. Ayscough is made to bear three asses! and Pell and Pelham, pelicans! Starkie, a stork! and Beck-

ford, a mere Saxon name like the preceding ones, uses as a crest a stork, holding a fish in his strong beak (bec fort!). Several persons of purely English names, Harris and Harrison, have borne as arms the hedgehog: alluding to the hérisson, as if, forsooth, the name Harris and Harrison were of foreign, and not of English growth. Sir James Harris so bore "az. a chevron erminois between three hedgehogs or," and also used the hedgehog as his crest. The four hedgehogs are now inherited by his grandson, the present Earl of Malmesbury. An elder member of the same numerous family of the sons of our English Harry, suggested an equally recondite etymology of the surname Harrison, by bearing as his arms "a hare by a sheaf of rye in the sun." (Camden, Remaines, p. 166. ed. 1614.)

We must speak of another little creature which Evans mentions before Justice Shallow: "The dozen louses do become an *old coat* well; it agrees well passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love." Now the name Lucy was Lousy, as some folks miscalled it in Shakespeare's time; and we think that the word Lus in Lusborough, and in other names found in old Anglo-Saxon charters, has been equally misunderstood to mean *lus*, pediculus. Let us see over how wide an area names containing this word *lus* are now found to extend. The surnames Los, Losh, Losse, Lush, Lusby, Luscott, Luscombe, Lussemborough, Lushington, and a few others, must follow the etymological fate of the existing names of places involving this *lus*. They are as follows:—Lusby, Luscombe, Lushcott, Lushill, Lustead; the parish of Loose; the hundred of Loes, contained in the deanery of Loose; the hundred of Loosebarrow, and Luxborough or Loxborough,\* all in England; Luss in Scotland; and Lush and Lushmagh in Ireland. The existence of such words as names of places in Scotland and Ireland, as well as in England, suggests for them all a common origin of the first syllable. That common origin cannot be Saxon. We have no doubt that it is Gaelic. *Lus* is still preserved in the Gaelic of Ireland, and in that of the highlands of Scotland, and means weed, herb, plant, flower. Some names of places in England are found in the Anglo-Saxon charters, and in modern times, compounded of words denoting, not merely specific plants, as Fern, Rush, Reed, Sedge, Moss; but of the generic word for herbs or weeds, as Wyrtden, Wyrtdwal.† On these data, it seems clear that the above names of persons and places are all

\* 'Lusheburghs alias Luxemburghs,' was the name of pieces of base money coined at 'Lusheburg;' see Stat. 25. Ed. 3., st. 6. c. 2. Lord Coke's commentary, and the prologue to the Monk's tale in Chaucer.

† Similarly we have Wortesley, Wortley, and probably Wordsworth.



equally derivable from the Gaelic *lus*, and may therefore be added to the small list of words still found in England, and best explained by the Gaelic language.

The combination of Gaelic and Danish in Lusby, and of Gaelic and Saxon in some of the other words, may be compared with the combination of the British and Saxon in Nantwich, and in the proper name Nanton. The word Nant (a ravine, a mountain-torrent, a brook) enters into the composition of the names of many places in Wales and in France.

The mineral and vegetable kingdoms furnish a considerable variety of names to the lords of the creation. A few instances of this will suffice. To represent the mineral kingdom, we may nominate Bishop Jewel, Mr. Steele, and Mr. Salt; as well as the mineral treasures which the German emperor, Ferdinand II., was said to possess in his three lofty mountains, *Questenberg*, *Werdenberg*, and *Engenberg*; and his three precious stones, *Dietrichstein*, *Lichtenstein*, and *Wallenstein*. Prussia, in the time of her greatest need, found such treasures in her *Hardenberg* and *Stein*. The present king of Prussia has a *Stahl* in his ministry. In England our metallic treasures are called to mind by Gold and Goldsmith,\* Silver, Lead, Leadbeater, Brass, and Brazier; by Money, and even by many coins, such as Groat and Grote, Penny (with Pennyman, Hawkepenny, and other similar derivatives), Twopenny, Halfpenny, Farthing. These latter names deserve to be compared with the German *Schelling*, *Gröschel*, *Heller*, and *Pfennig*. Perhaps some of our existing Marks, Nobles, and Angels may have their origin in the metallic currency of a former age.

The vegetable kingdom presents, as a representative peer, Archibald John Primrose, Earl of Roseberry; and as commoners, Lilly, the English grammarian, and Roses in great abundance. In every country of Europe the Rose has given its name, not merely to pretty women, such as fair Rosamund, Rose Bradwardine, and many a French Rosine, and German Röschen, but to numerous families. Sir George Rose in London, and Professor Rose in Berlin, bear a surname now common in England and Germany; and which equally belongs to France and Italy, to the Spanish and Scandinavian peninsulas, to Wallachia and Poland, and probably at the present day to Russia. In the case of the Roses of Poland, the name must have been taken from the roses which bore in their coat of arms long before they had the name. The Griffons, Oxensterns, and other Polish families, must also have taken their names from the arms which they severally bore long before hereditary surnames

were known in their country. Sometimes this surname Rose may have originated in a woman's name; and in such cases comes indirectly only from the flower. Our old forest trees have given their names to families of Ash, Oak, Elm, Beech, Birch, Alder, Elder, Aspen, Poplar, Maple, Hazel. The Willow appears in Willoughby; the lime-tree in Lind, Lindley, and Lindsey; the sloe in Slow, Slowburn, and Slocombe; Hips and Haws in Hipsley, Hippsley, Hawdon, and Hawley; the Thorn in many compounds; and the Pine in one solitary name, although the Fir and Larch do not appear. It is remarkable, as Dr. Leo has observed, that in the names of places found in the Anglo-Saxon charters, no mention should occur of a single species of *Pinus* or *Abies*. The Germans have both *Fichte* and *von der Tann* as surnames. Some herbs and grasses which are found in surnames have already been alluded to. *Caerse*, cress (*nasturtium*), is apparent in Cressesey, Cressacre, Creslow, Cressingham, Cresswell, Cresswick. From fruit and fruit-trees, we have the family names of Apple and Pear, Cherry and Peach, Crab and Crabtree, Plum and Plumtree; but Apricot and Nectarine, Strawberry and Raspberry, still belong to *Pomona* only.

Cereals have long flourished in Wheat, Wheaton, and Whately; in Bere, the old name of Sir John Barleycorn's family; in some derivatives from this old name already mentioned, in speaking of the Bear, in Oates, and in Riley and Rycroft. Though our Beans cannot be compared with the great Fabian house, or with the Pise, the Cicero, or the Lentulus of Rome, yet Bean and Pease, and Peascod, have at least great antiquity in Europe, and have thus been enabled as surnames to found families. The great tribe of the Potato having immigrated into the Old World since surnames became hereditary, have been obliged to keep their name to themselves; and, unlike Pepper, Peppercorn, and other foreigners, have not succeeded in bestowing their name upon a single English family. In this they resemble the Physician and the Surgeon; who, for centuries now past, have been unable to take their place in the family nomenclature of England, by the side of those elder branches of the descendants of *Æsculapius*, the Leach and the Potheary.

VII. The seventh class consists of names derived from the celestial hierarchy. Man, in choosing his family names, has not confined himself to the narrow sphere of this visible created world. To enlarge his vocabulary "he passed the flaming bounds of space and time," and ventured to adopt names taken from the whole hierarchy of Heaven. Not content, as the ancient Pagans were, with derivative names, such as Apollonius from Apollo, Poseidonius from Poseidon, Athenæus from Athene; Demetrius from Demeter, the Chris-

\* 'Aurifaber,' occurs frequently as a surname in the Fine Rolls in the time of King John.

tians of the middle ages assumed as their surnames the very names of God the Father, the Son, or the Holy Ghost, and those of eminent saints and martyrs of the church. Among other such names, the Germans and the French have Herrgott and Heiland, Dieu, St. Sauveur, St. Antoine, St. Ange. More southern countries have De Jesus, De Santa Maria, and even Jesus Maria, are surnames. A German, Herrgott, is well known as the author of a learned genealogical work, and Colonel Dieu has been actively engaged in giving his professional aid to the cause of the Allies now at war with Russia.

In England, the gods and goddesses of the classical mythology of Greece and Rome have not bestowed their names on men.\* Even in Italy, where per Bacco! is still a common oath, and where classical names were frequently assumed in the sixteenth century, but few names have been taken from the ancient classical mythology. Our Bacchus has an indisputable, and at the same time truly indigenous, origin: it is merely a corruption of Bakehouse. So Malthouse has been changed into Malthus, Dovehouse into Duffus, Loft-house into Loftus, and Barkhouse into Barkus.

But although our nomenclature has not borrowed from the mythology of Greece or Rome, yet before the Conquest names were bestowed in England, involving those of the Supreme Deity and of inferior members of the celestial hierarchy of the popular faith. Some of the oldest words now used as surnames in England, were proper names during centuries of that pagan and early christian period. Goddard, Godfrey, and Godwin, belong to this class. Inferior persons in the hierarchy of the old Northern mythology are found in other proper names, which are perpetuated in existing English surnames; for instance, Os is found in the following derivatives,—Osbert, Oswin, Osborne, Osgood, Osman, Osmond, Oswald, Oswell. The surname Godsall, which seems to us to have its origin in a word of very high antiquity, has been supposed to come from an oath "By God's soul," used in England after the Conquest.† We have no doubt that Godsall is formed from Godschalk. The latter syllable, schalk, is servus, servant or attendant. The words marshal in England, maréchal in French, mariscalco in Italian and Spanish, have an analogous origin from the old High German "marah-sealc, caballarius." Godsall, therefore, has the same meaning as

\* Probably Professor Pallas owed his name to a corruption of Palast or some other northern source, and not to Pallas Athene.

† Lower, vol. i. p. 238, referring to the fact that Edward III. used on his shield and surcoat, the motto,

'Hay, bay, the wythe swan,  
By Gode's soul I am thy man.'

the common Arabic name Abd-Allah, servant of God. Among the followers of the Prophet, the word Abd, or servant, is thus used in names, not only in composition with Allah, but in composition with any of the adjectives which express the special attributes of the Deity. Thus we have Abd-el-Kader, servant of the Almighty, Abd-el-Medschid, servant of the worthy of glory.

Such a compound name is also common among the Hindoos. Durga-dâsa (servant of Durga), Kali-dâsa, Ganga-dâsa, Nanda-dâsa, Rîma-dâsa, etc. Sometimes the very names of Krishna, Rama, Siva, etc., are bestowed on Hindoo children, from a belief that a repetition of the names of the gods is meritorious, "and operates like fire in consuming sin." The established epithets of the different deities of the Hindoo mythology are bestowed with equal liberality as names; for instance, Gadâdhara, "the mace-holder," an epithet of Krishna; Gangâdhara, "the holder of Ganga," an epithet of Siva. "The Ganges in its descent first alighted on the head of Siva, and continued for some time entangled in his hair."

One of the days of the week, Wednesday, is named from the old god Odin or Woden, and his name is still found in that of many places in England; one of them, Wôdnesbeorg, became Wanborough. A corresponding existing surname is Wansbrough. Wish is the English form of one of the names of Odin (Kemble, Anglo-Saxons, i. 345.), and several names of places in England appear to be compounded with this name. The surname Wishart may also have been formed from it.

Thor, from whom we have Thursday, is found plainly enough in many existing surnames derived from localities. To compare with the Scandinavian Thorwaldsen, we have our surnames Thoresby, Thurlow, Thursby, Homerton, and Hamerton.\*

The ancient proper name Frewin, still preserved as a surname, is manifestly as old as the worship of Freâ. Frewin corresponds entirely in form with Godwin and Oswin. We have obtained from the same worship not only the name of our Friday, but that of Fridaythorpe, a place in Yorkshire. Two other places named from Freâ are found in Anglo-Saxon charters of the tenth century.

Saturday is so called from the god *Saetere*, whose name is retained by several localities in England. An English surname derived from one of such localities, is Satherthwaite, sometimes spelt Satterthwaite.

Although, as we have seen, Godsall does not involve any oath, yet the ancient name Bigod, appears to have arisen from the receipt

\* Harner is one of the names by which Thor was known in Germany. J. Grimm, Deutsche Mythologie, p. 166.

er's habit of taking God's name in vain, "for so (Bigod) the Frenchman called the Normans,\* because at every other word they would swear *by God*." (Camden.) So in modern times Frenchmen have sometimes replaced the ordinary generic name of "Jean Bull" by "Jean Gottam."

Some other old English, and at least analogous names, may have had a like origin with Bigod. Pardew and Pardoe, Godbody, Olyfader, Bodkin,† Blood and Death,‡ Among surnames of the class now under consideration, we have in England St. John and St. Leger, which, as if ashamed of so using such names, we corrupt in pronunciation into Sinjohn and Silleger. When the old surname had the prefix *de*, as in *de Saint Pierre* or *de Sainte Pelaye*, it denoted a mere locality, and was not more profane than such local names as St. James' Park or St. John's Wood.

VIII. The above classes contain the bulk of the names now in use in England; there remains only one considerable class on which we have not touched. It is the class of different foreign names which, at various epochs since the Conquest, have been imported into England by immigrants, not only from Scotland and Ireland, but from most of the countries of Europe. It would be easy to point out different epochs at each of which the greatest influx of such foreigners into England has taken place. The first of such epochs was under the Plantagenet dynasty, when the intercourse between the inhabitants of England and those of the continental possessions of the English monarchs, was so considerable. Most places in Normandy had given rise to surnames in England from the time of the Conquest. From other places were received, in the course of centuries, not only innumerable individual names, but national ones, such as Alman, Almayne, Dalmaine, Janeway (Genoa.) Bret, Britain, Burgin, Burgoyne, Dane, Flanders, Fleming, Franceis, Gaskin, Gascoyne, Hanway (Hainault,) Norman, Pickard (Picard,) Lambert, Lombard, Loring (Lothringer,) Poitevin, Sterling (Easterling,) Wallis, Walsh, Wales, Scot, Scotland, Ireland, Baden, Holland, Schweitzer, France, Spain, Poland, Polack, Finn, Phinn. Such words plainly indicate the countries from which the nominal founders of the families came.

\* Compare Wace, *Roman de Rou*, vol. ii. p. 71. Mult out Franceis "Normanz laidez, E de melaiz e de mediz, Sovent lor dient reproviens, E claiment bigoz et draschiers."

† Contracted from the second word in the oath 'Ods-bodikin.

‡ From the oaths 'S'blood, (God's blood), and S'death (God's death).

§ "Edward IV., as I have heard," says Camden, "loving some whose name was Picard, would often tell them that he loved them well, but not their names, whereupon some of them changed their names."

Of the above names a few occur in the Domesday survey, more are found under the princes of the house of Plantagenet, and some are of comparatively recent importation. Thus to bestow upon the foreigner the mere name of his nation, was not perhaps at any time very complimentary on the part of the proud islanders who received him among them. It is thus that the Greeks and Romans used commonly to designate their slaves. Davus or Syrus, Thrax or Geta, Phryx or Lydus. Sometimes each was called by a name very common in his own country; a Phrygian, Manes or Midas, a Paphlagonian, Tibius, a Syrian, Dama.

German names of recent importation are quite numerous enough, in London alone, to admit of a classification similar to that which we have made of English surnames. Of such German names, derived from localities only, a long catalogue might be made. The termination in *er* denotes sometimes locality, as in Hamburger, Bamberger, Ehrenzeller, and Schneeberger; sometimes an occupation, as in Bauer, Cramer, Koehler, Kocher, Schleiermacher.

The directories of Manchester and Liverpool show how large a proportion of the surnames found in both those places, have an Irish, or Scottish, or, at the latter place, a Welsh origin. At the former place are many recently imported from Germany. The names of shopkeepers in some streets in London, prove how large are the additions which the London "Onomasticon" is now receiving from different continental sources.\*

Occasionally the foreign name is dropped altogether. Thus the German Klein has been known to become the stem from which English Littles have sprung. Sometimes the Anglicising process is effected by corruption of the original name into an English word of similar sound; thus Tolner became Turner in the case of an organ maker, who at his death was described as "Henry Tolner, alias Turner, buried Sept. 9. 1730," and whose son, called Turner only, was afterwards organist at St. John's College, Cambridge. A Dutchman, Groenvelt for many years university printer at Cambridge, Anglicised his name

\* In Regent Street alone there is an enormous proportion of foreign names, nearly all very recently imported into England. Maurigy, Roux, Ferraro, Du Barry, Arias, Norvm, Mirza, Claudet, Grosjean, "Vieyres and Repingon," Defries, "Aubert and Klaffenberger," "Schott & Co.," Duvelloyer, Akerman, Euders, Gautier, Isidore, Bailliere, Baumgart, Neviers, Leprince, Helbronner, Duclos, Causse, Lecomte, Losada, Azur, Verey, Baum, Emary, Armand, Sanguinetti, Drion, Barbe, Norchi, Thierry, "Fosset and Wenkheim," Jugla, Le Roy, Hennenman, Ptitit, Debacker, Forrer, Lohock, Marion, Futvoye, "Piver and Lauvergnot," Jullien, Houbigant, Castrique, Rossi, Viault, Beyer, Hubert, Leroy.

to Crownfield, which was afterwards borne by his son, vice-president of Queens College in that university. An ingenious whitesmith, a native of Lausanne, called Gracon, and who hardly spoke English, "translated" his uncouth French name, which few could "pronounce," into Jackson, which name alone was used by his descendants.

It is mainly in London and in a few large commercial places, that this great recent influx of foreigners is found. The family nomenclature of country districts has but slightly changed since the revolution of 1688. The sources of personal surnames throughout all England, town and country, however, as we have seen, are numerous and varied; and the multifarious origin of such surnames corresponds in some degree with that of the English people. Many centuries have passed since the ancient Norman, and the more recent Saxon surnames, had equally become hereditary; and although existing surnames may still indicate, to the intelligent, a diversity of station and origin among their first bearers, yet that diversity has long ceased to be of any practical importance.

We regret that neither time nor space will allow us now to compare the history of sur-

names in Ireland and in the Scottish Highlands, with that of surnames in England; possibly we may recur to the subject at some future time. In the meanwhile, in closing our survey of the main divisions of the English family nomenclature, we cannot help feeling that we have been to some extent, noting the various sources from which the Anglo-Saxon race has received its full and mature growth, and has been enabled to go forth conquering and to conquer a new hemisphere and a southern world. In the course of another century that great race, extending the blessings of civilization and laying sure foundations of free institutions in new worlds, will have planted there every class of surnames that took root in England between the conquest of 1066 and the revolution of 1688. Such names have already spread with the growth of the United States of North America, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; and they will soon be diffused throughout the Australian continent. We hardly need apologize to our readers for inviting them, as we have done, to survey in some detail the varied sources of that English family nomenclature which is destined to spread over so large a part of the whole world.

#### AN AMOROUS AERONAUT.

A LATE French journal relates the following well invented story, which, it will be seen, is French all over:—

While Mons. Godard was filling an immense balloon in the Champ de Mars, he amused the spectators by sending up the small figure of a man, the perfect semblance of M. Thiers without spectacles. The little man being filled with gas, rose majestically into the air, and was soon lost to view among the clouds. His adventures, which became known the next day, were curious. Thanks to a strong and favorable gale, which impelled him on his course, the little balloon man arrived the same afternoon in the sight of a fine country house in the neighborhood of Bievro. It was near the hour of dinner; and the lady of the mansion, who naturally thought herself perfectly safe, was occupied in the mysteries of her toilet. It was a warm day, and she had opened one of the windows which looked out upon the park, and was safe from any prying eyes. While tranquilly engaged, by the assistance of a corset lacing, in reducing her waist to a size and shape that would reflect credit on her husband's taste, she was suddenly startled by a blast of wind, followed by a strange noise; and immediately the casement was thrown open, and our little balloon man entered her chamber unannounced. The lady utters a cry of terror, and throws a shawl over her shoulders. The little man, driven by the wind, throws himself upon the unhappy

woman, who, screaming louder than ever, pushes him off, and he conceals himself under the bed.

Just as the wife, in a supplicating voice, says to this novel Don Juan, "Ah, Monsieur, go away, or you will ruin me!" the husband furiously rushed in, crying, "Ah, the wretch, I have him now!" and goes in search of his sword to run him through the body. The wife, more dead than alive, reiterates, in the midst of sobs, "Fly, fly, Monsieur! and save me the sight of a dreadful tragedy!"

The husband arrives, armed to the teeth, followed by the whole household, who seek to mollify his anger. While two of his friends hold the husband, a third, stooping down, perceives our little friend, who for good cause utters not a word, and catching him by the leg, draws him forth from his concealment,—when, lo! Monsieur Balloon, no longer held down by the bedstead, raises himself erect, swells out, and rises majestically to the ceiling, to the immense amusement of the spectators; while the poor jealous husband slinks away, sword and all, heartily ashamed of his causeless wrath.

At the last meeting of the Literary Society of Jerusalem, Mr. Finn, the English Consul at Jerusalem, remarked that the old masters were correct in the blue and red dresses that they always gave to the Bethlehem peasantry, and which were still to be seen daily in the suburbs of the holy city.